THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXVIII
No. 1799

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

JULY 14
1934

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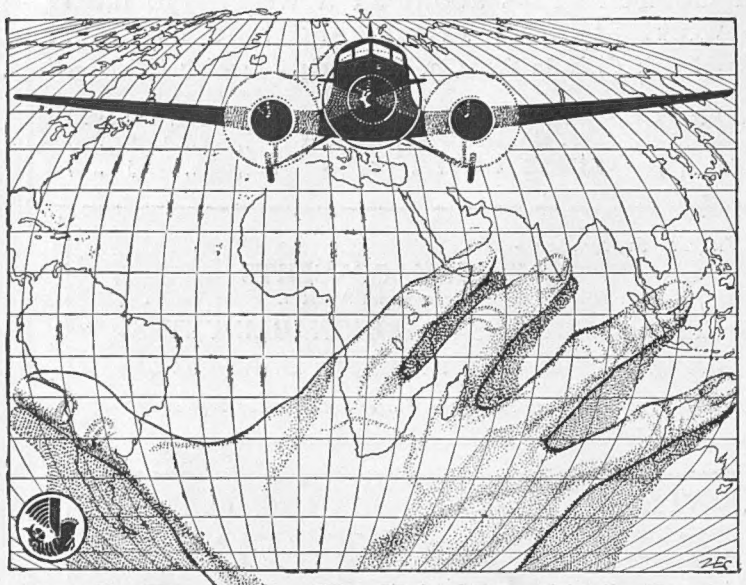

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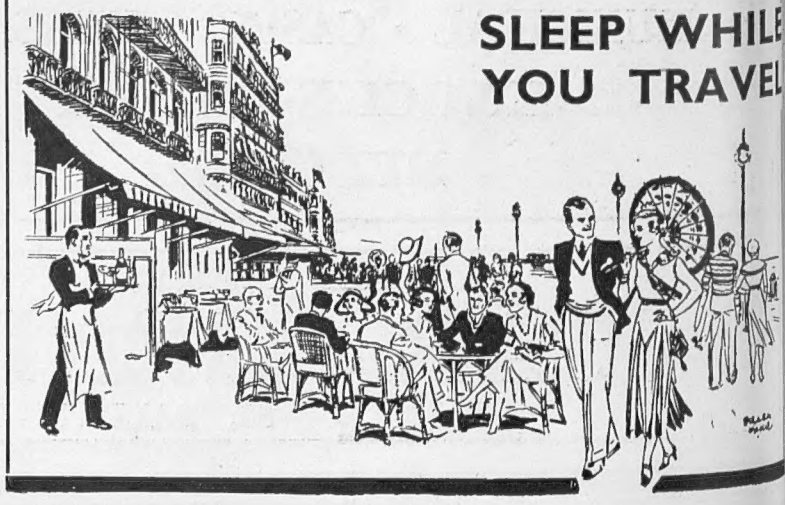
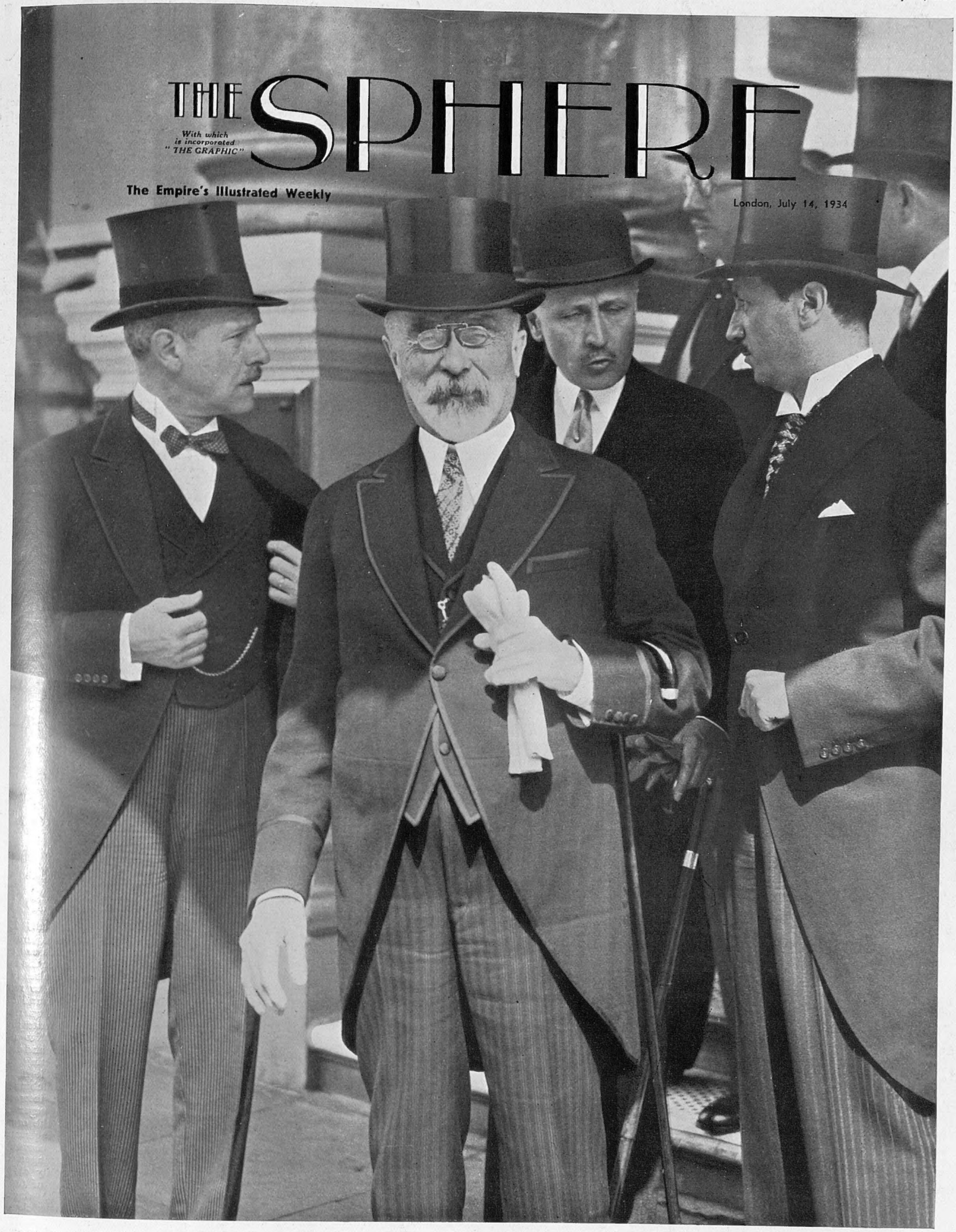


THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, July 14, 1934



IN SEARCH OF "SÉCURITÉ"

M. Louis Barthou, the French Foreign Minister, who Visited London this Week

Warsaw, Prague, Bucharest, Belgrade, and London. This has been M. Louis Barthou's travel itinerary since April. This veteran statesman has crossed and re-crossed Europe seeking in capital after capital to make alliances for France against the day when she may be attacked. Throughout his long political career his one unswerving purpose has been to establish and maintain French security. He is a fervent patriot, a skilled diplomat who, however, never disguises his intentions, a man of outstanding education, and, although over seventy, he is seemingly as indefatigable as in 1913 when he was Premier of France. His recent travels may not have realized the hopes with which they were begun, but his prestige among his own people is perhaps greater than it has ever been. During his stay in London M. Barthou paid several visits to the Foreign Office and, in the presence of Sir John Simon and Mr. Anthony Eden, proposed a pact of mutual assistance. How far this country will be prepared to co-operate is still a matter for conjecture

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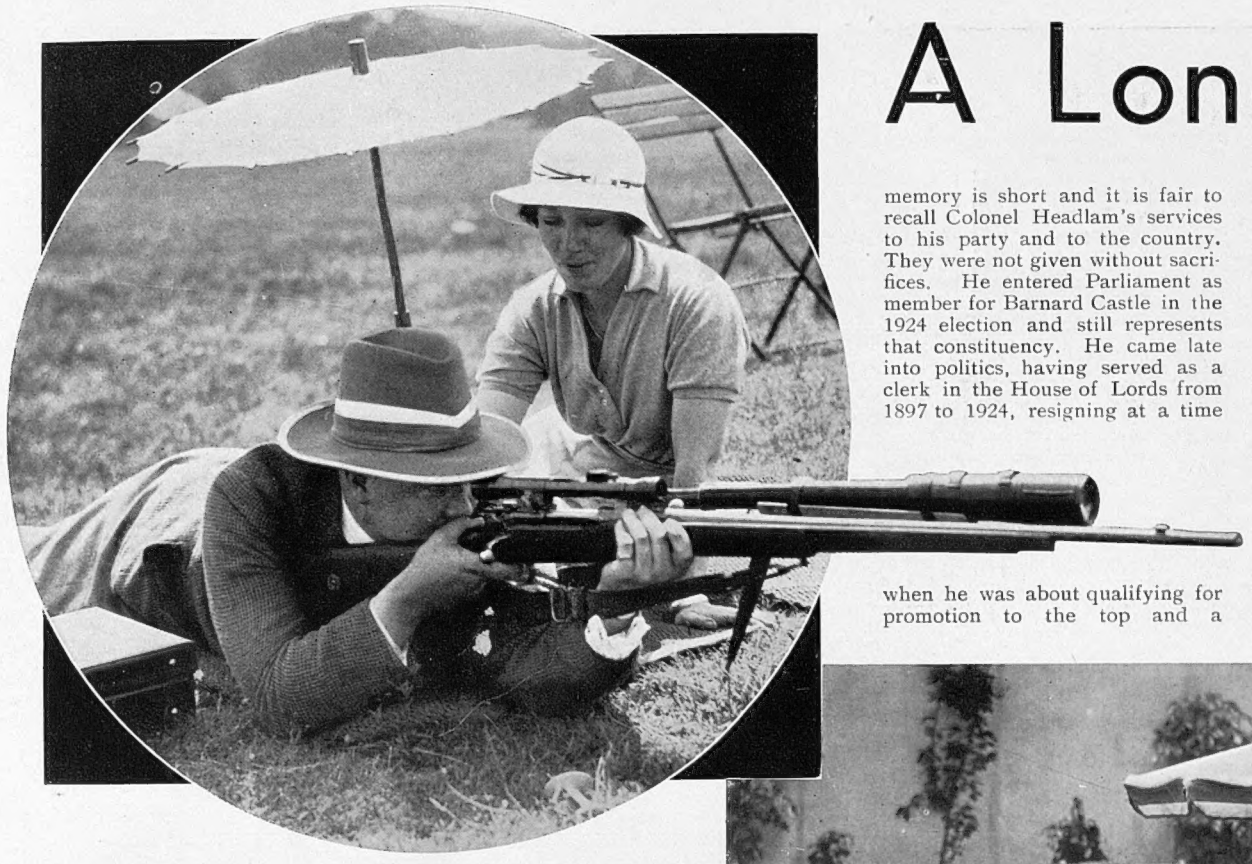
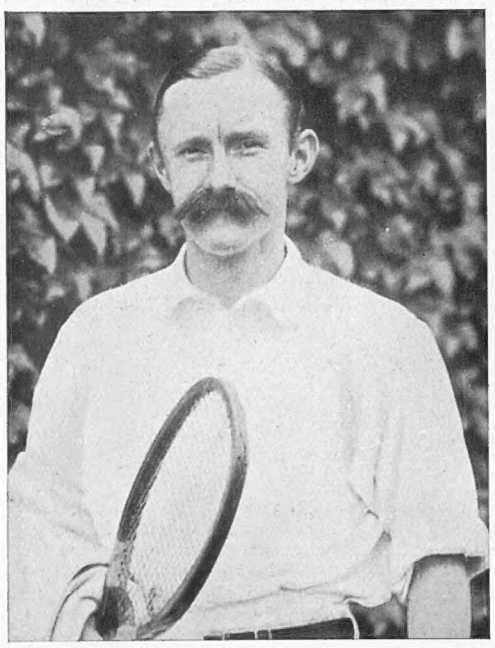


GETTING HIS EYE IN: A competitor practising on one of the ranges at Bisley where the King's Prize is being competed for this week. Particular interest attaches to the meeting this year on account of the introduction of a larger bull's eye

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, July 11, 1934.

A WOMAN IN A BILLION.—Madame Curie's pre-eminence was recognized in her lifetime. Whenever I have considered her career in connection with the women's movement of my time, I have wondered whether the women who won recognition, emancipation, and suffrage for their sex, might not have achieved their objects not less quickly and with more dignity, if they had shown a little more patience, a little more faith, a little more vision; if they had screamed less loud and often, and worked more constructively, even though without recognition, for the recognition which could not be long delayed. Marie Curie, a Pole who married a Frenchman, had no material assets to assist her. She built up her own genius with the world-old masonry—an infinite capacity for taking pains. She laboured in silence, neither expecting nor receiving material rewards. She worked for science, not for her sex or herself. Her great discoveries were built on the famous discovery by Becquerel in 1896 of the radiation properties of uranium. In her researches she isolated uranium from other competing elements, and then deduced that in uranium minerals there lay hid an infinitely more potent radiation substance. From her consequent chemical examination of pitch blende, she got on the track of this unknown substance which she called polonium, and that discovery led her to the further discovery of radium, whose radio-active properties were a million times more potent than those of uranium. Then the world recognized her for what she was and showered on her medals and distinctions and founded chairs for her. So, in silence, faith and with infinite trouble, she won, by her achievements for science, recognition for her sex and herself. In their different spheres, Jane Austen, Charlotte Brontë, Elizabeth Fry, Florence Nightingale, and others did the same. A little more faith, a little more patience, a little more selfless labour in the shadows, and the women liberators of their sex would have won the same battles for women in many spheres, without the aid of trumpets and cat-calls. The Great War did for them with dignity what years of petulant jostling failed to achieve. So for ever the great women who worked for science or their art, or for humanity first and last, stand out head and shoulders from the rest who from the first fought under the banner of sex.



TWENTY-FOUR LEAN YEARS, THEN VICTORY: A. W. Gore, who won the Wimbledon Singles Championship for England in 1909, the year that Fred Perry was born. Until last week, when Perry defeated Crawford in the Final, no other Englishman had since succeeded in winning the title

COLONEL HEADLAM.—Colonel Headlam's resignation from the Parliamentary Secretaryship of the Transport Ministry was not unexpected. He waited to see the new Road Bill through, and saw no good reason to continue in an office which, once the Bill is through, is in truth redundant. It is good to learn that the office will remain vacant at present. Mr. Hore-Belisha will carry on alone and everyone will hope that in due course the new code will show some results in a reduced death roll and better road discipline. The *status quo* is one of those old friends of whose face we are heartily sick. Political memory is short and it is fair to recall Colonel Headlam's services to his party and to the country. They were not given without sacrifices. He entered Parliament as member for Barnard Castle in the 1924 election and still represents that constituency. He came late into politics, having served as a clerk in the House of Lords from 1897 to 1924, resigning at a time when he was about qualifying for promotion to the top and a full-scale pension. His bold decision appeared to have been justified by early promotion to the Financial Secretaryship in the Admiralty in which office he did very well. In the 1931 National Government he became Under-Secretary to the Ministry of Pensions, transferring in 1932 to the Transport Ministry. In the interval he fought a very notable election which did much to hearten the cause of sanity in the hour of the country's madness. The sacrifices which politicians, especially those holding minor offices, sometimes make, are too little appreciated. There is not much in the way of salary attached to such offices, yet it is the rule that holders of them must waive their salaries as M.P.s and of course all such extraneous sources of revenue as directors' fees. In the day of party Government, there are enough plums to go round among the limited number of useful men in the party; under National Government, of course, that is not the case. Colonel Headlam will doubtless benefit financially by a return to private life. His political services deserve further recognition. The distressed area of Durham has good reason to be grateful to Col. and Mrs. Headlam and the former has a wealth of experience to contribute to the councils of the State.

HEAT-WAVE HENLEY: A coolly-clad group on the lawns last Saturday when the finals of the Grand Challenge Cup, the Diamond Sculls, and other events were rowed off

THE ROYAL SHOW.—Ipswich has never yet staged the Royal; Suffolk not for near seventy years. It was high time for that county and that county town—very much strongholds of old England and of our oldest industry—to play host to agricultural England. Realizing the significance of the event, Suffolk to a man put its hand in its pocket and produced a thumping fund. The success of the show was very soon made clear. East Anglian specialities were the prime exhibits, Suffolk punches (the British Percheron), Suffolk sheep, Red Poll cattle, Essex pigs. The county is incorrigibly agricultural—it is farmed almost to an acre by shrewd professionals and enthusiastic amateurs who refuse to be depressed. Even the pleasure-loving population of Suffolk—which is considerable—play their games and blow off their tens of thousands of cartridges annually under the *nom de guerre* of farmers. Ipswich, moreover, is a great centre of the agricultural machinery and implements industry—Ransome's works are established there—and was a pioneer in the sugar-beet factory industry. Ipswich deserved its hour of fame as the capital of agricultural England, and adorned it.

A "COLLINS" TO WIMBLEDON. — Wimbledon, 1934, is over—the worn base-lines are brown and deserted—the records are chalked up, and new campaigns for the recovery of lost reputations are already being planned. I am not here to retell the tale of the late struggles and of England's come-back after a quarter of a century. I am here to write my letter of thanks, my "Collins" to all concerned with the hospitality and amenities which this famous meeting affords. Year after year, I enjoy it more; less anxious for sustained watching of the game, more and more interested in watching the crowd, I never fail to marvel at the genius of the organizing body. The traffic arrangements are mechanically perfect, of course, inside and out; the feeding arrangements are admirable; the punctuality of the fixtures and the recording of the games in progress and in the day's programme are as excellent as clear head and mechanical aids can make them. Yet all these are material assets which other great summer fixtures can show—e.g. The Tattoo, Olympia, etc. It is the spiritual atmosphere of Wimbledon which is so unique. Here indeed is the most perfect ideal of *Cosmopolis in rure* which our sad civilization can offer; more than that, it is an ideal League of Nations in practical working order, Babel without jealousies. Sitting in the outer courts—which is to be recommended to connoisseurs of life—you will hear any language but your own, German predominating

wsletter

Here you will get a score of very timely reminders that the European nations—whatever their troubles, however barbarous on the surface their rulers and governors—still turn out any number of charming and polite young people—such as the good-looking and courteous Von Cramm, Cilly Aussem of the tragic and garnet eyes, Mme Mathieu and Mlle Payot. You get, too, a very different idea of Japan when you rub shoulders with its courtly and dignified little ambassadors to the Courts of Wimbledon, and a very much happier impression also of racketeer-rotten America when you converse with the chief racketeers who come to Wimbledon. In a word, if you are sick and tired, as I am, of the dreary annals of the coloured shirts, you will seek, as I do, peace and understanding among nations among the white shirts, white skirts, and white shorts at Wimbledon, among those charming young people who remind one of perfectly trained race-horses, and are even more certain in tempers and manners than the race-horses.

THE STARS IN THEIR COURSES.—Perhaps because our own national troubles are less apparent on the surface than in any other country, I feel a little more critical of our own [illegible]ors. I yield to none in my a[illegible]n of the superb health and traini[illegible]d even grace of our girl stars. The supple bronze of their arms, the strength of their legs, the grace of their movements, are (may a middle-aged man confess it?) intoxicating. But sometimes I stand aghast at the *hubris* (I can find no English equivalent) which publicity gives to them. These young "ladies from the provinces"—just a little better at the game than hundreds of their kind—move on the courts in overweening pride and constant self-consciousness, like the Queens of the eighteenth century, lacking only their métier for queenship. One day I shall look to read the *Impressions of Wimbledon* by a ball-boy. What does the ball-boy think of the girl-stars of the hour, the young women taken from the provinces and crowned queens at Wimbledon? How does he re-act to their superb contempt, their matchless lack of consideration for these humble, necessary peons of the great game? It is my delight to observe every instance of it. But the whole scene and setting, and every incident which a day at Wimbledon affords me, are sheer delight to me. Every official, from policeman to gate-keeper, steward to waitress, is in a charming conspiracy to please you and make your day happy. Discipline must, of course, be maintained in the matter of centre court "gate-crashing," but for the rest, you are in such friendly and genteel company that a "gentleman's agreement" in the matter of empty seats and standing room is not only possible and easily come to, but is positively smiled on. Wimbledon in a word is civilization at its best, the ideal of the League of Nations. Therefore, very gratefully I record my thanks for another year's superb entertainment.

AT LORD'S.—The offertory this week at Lord's goes of course towards "Church expenses," i.e. overhead costs at Lord's itself, and the clergy certainly contribute largely to the gate during the 'Varsity match. The famous ground is Parsons' Green for the famous reunion. After the War, the 'Varsity match lost fashionable caste, the top hat of ceremony was laid aside and attendance generally fell. I am glad to note a welcome return to formality and interest in what often is a stimulating fixture. The two sides this year appeared about equal in batting (on form); in bowling Cambridge has a slight superiority. But Oxford had the luck of the toss and made the game seem "safe" by Monday night. The "Eton and Harrow" is as good a garden party as ever it was, if not better. For, if the cricket is taken rather less seriously than formerly, the social side is quite as vigorously pursued. The presence of the young brings out what is best in the elders, and people show their kindest smiles and better natures. They meet the old friend who bores them and the country neighbour of whom they are heartily sick with Christian charity or well-simulated joy, and old quarrels are drowned in shrewdly-diluted hock-cup. The old names persist on the doors of the private boxes, on the cards attached to coaches, and on the batting-order list at the pavilion door—Buccleuch, Devonshire, Heseltine, Christopherson . . . The sons of the giants are playing for the rival schools—Studd, Stogdon, Pelham, great Harrow names; Pilkington, Mann, well remembered at Eton . . . *Plus ça change* . . . Eton is confident. But in this wonder year of pleasant surprises, we shall almost feel cheated if Harrow don't win at long, long last.

AS OTHERS SEE US.—The vital necessity of our age for publishing without delay every written word acts as a stringent discipline to the vanity and self-satisfaction of public men. In the last few weeks, Mr. Lloyd George and the late Lord Oxford have once more shown their abilities with the whip to castigate friends and foes alike, stripping the rags, which convention demands, from off the smarting backs of their dear and honoured friends and colleagues of public life. In the older biographical convention your statesman was depicted as a statesman and nothing else, your literary lion as a craftsman of letters, your soldier *tout simple* as a man of war. It still comes as a surprise to us to see the revelation of a sober statesman as an essentially human creature, with the vanity, petulance, frailties, indiscretion, and partiality of all poor mortals. Thus do autobiographists and literary executors "build better than they knew." For as they minimize the merits of their contemporaries and the contemporaries of their heroes, they minimize also the reputations of themselves or the subject of their admiration. So with Mr. George, so with Lord Oxford in his latest batch of letters to Mrs. Harrisson. Poor man, he did not value the letters himself; in his lazy way he tried to destroy them. But they were rescued and the "increased cost of living" has ensured their publication. They have little historical or "educational" value. They are, as examples of the gentlest art should be, light, pleasant, shrewd, and charming but ephemeral, superficial, philosophical soufflé. Even as a literary causerie they are out of date and too superficial. As a commentary on men and things of a brief social and political era, the letters neither reveal the real Asquith (the Asquith that matters) nor his real contemporaries nor the real state of things.

MRS. ROOSEVELT IN SCOTLAND.—The President's mother, Mrs. Roosevelt, whom it is not necessary to designate as a wonderful woman—for the epithet is implicit in a score of facts—is enjoying a holiday in Aberdeenshire. She is staying with her niece at Knockespoch. A comfortable, stone-built, medium-size house, typical of the Highlands, it lies under a high moor. The policies are charming, shady and cool. There is a pleasant little lake full of water-fowl, and wide and pleasant agricultural country under the moors. Knockespoch is intersected with admirable roads and is an excellent centre for visiting and sightseeing. Such places as Balmoral, Rothiemurchus, Elgin, Gordon Castle, are all within the compass of an afternoon's expedition. Mrs. Roosevelt is going to attend the garden-party at Holyrood.

LEST WE FORGET.—Blue ribbons galore! The year '34 will long be remembered as Englishman's year. The croakers confounded, the doubters dumbfounded, and "decadent Britain" on top without peer. Blue ribbon of rowing, blue ribbon of golf, blue ribbon of tennis, and others to come. Blue ribbons to flaunt with—the doubters who scoff at "decadent Britain" are suddenly dumb. But let us remember this wonderful year that "a hundred years hence it will all be the same"; that the '34 brewing is only small beer and tennis or golf is still only a game.

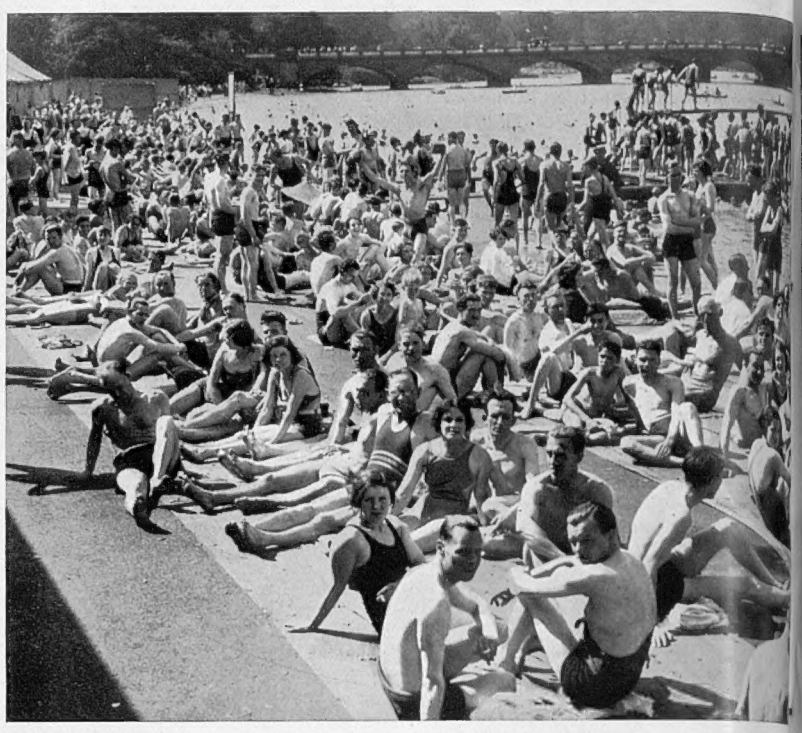
THE OLD STAGER

EDUCATIONAL TOUR: Some of the 7,000 children from Coventry who visited Windsor [illegible] last week. They were accompanied by 600 teachers, and were given tea in the park

"TRUCE AWHILE TO TOIL AND TASKING": A family party on the steps of the Terrace during Speech Day at Harrow last week. A feature of the day was a farewell address by Dr. Cyril Norwood, the headmaster, who is leaving at the end of the term to take up the Presidency of St. John's College, Oxford

AN ORIENTAL OCCASION: Miss Yioh Chung Li arriving at the Chinese Legation in London for her wedding to Dr. Szeming Sze, eldest son of the Chinese Minister in Washington. The bridal dress was of pink satin

THE HEAT WAVE:



LANSBURY'S LIDO: The scene beside the Serpentine where thousands of Londoner bathed and sun-bathed on Sunday. At times there were long queues waiting t use the changing booths

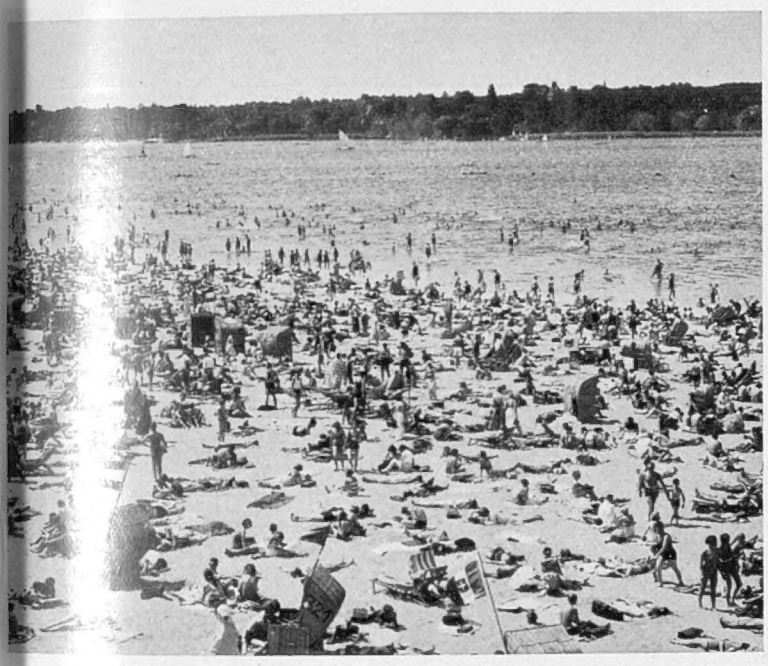
IN AMERICA AND GERMANY: *Left*—New York children enjoying a "splash" in t beach at Wannsee where Berl

WOMEN'S POLO AT RANELAGH: Miss D'Arcy Defries, captain of the Oddments whose team defeated Lady Priscilla Willoughby's Valkyries by three goals to one in an exciting game last week

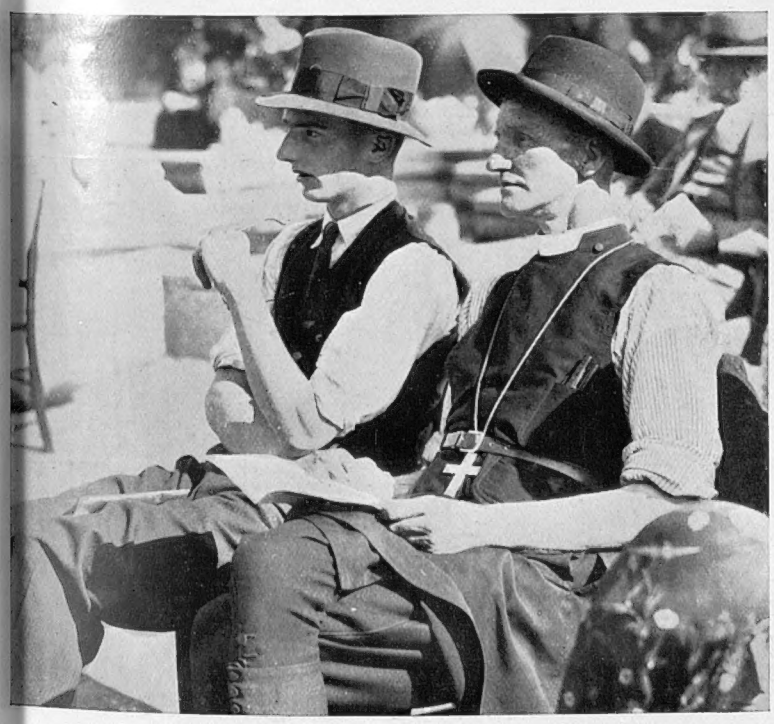
IN A STRANGE RÔLE: Ex-King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, who has been attending a co ference of ornithologists, seen on board H.M.S. *Windsor* prior to the departure the delegates from Pembroke to visit the bird sanctuaries off the coast of Wale

How Four Capitals Reacted to the Weather, and Other Matters of Current Interest

PARIS KEEPS COOL: A heat-wave picture taken at one of the city's open-air swimming pools last week-end when Parisians, like Londoners, found bathing dresses the only comfortable attire



pool at the base of the Civic Virtue Statue near the City Hall. *Right*—The crowded sought respite from the July heat

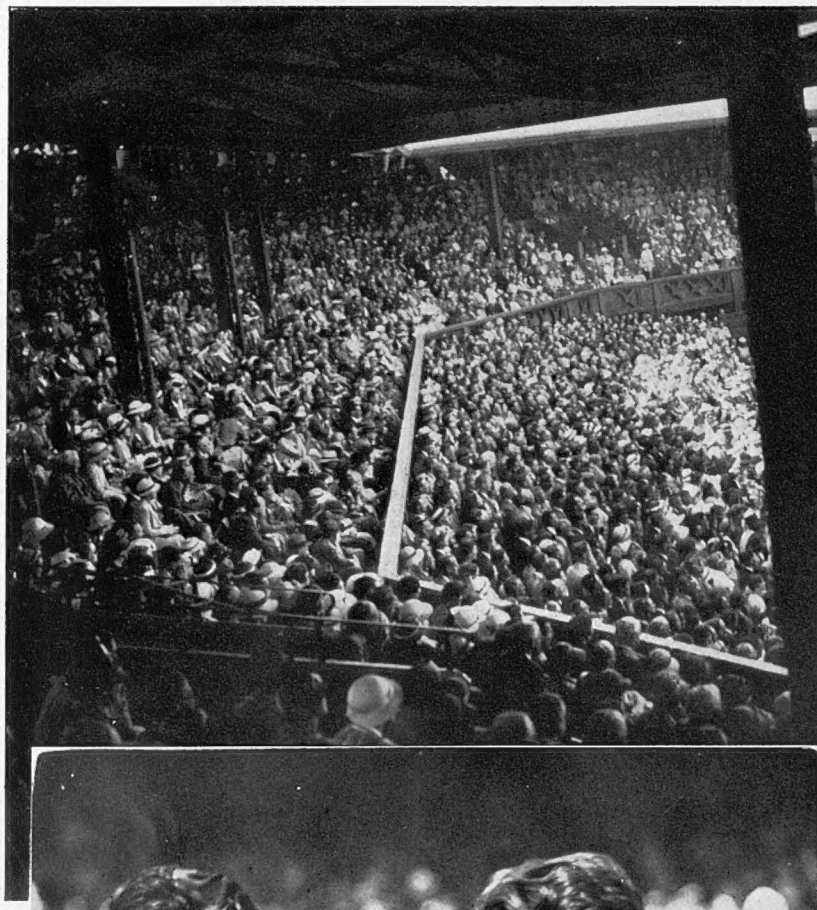


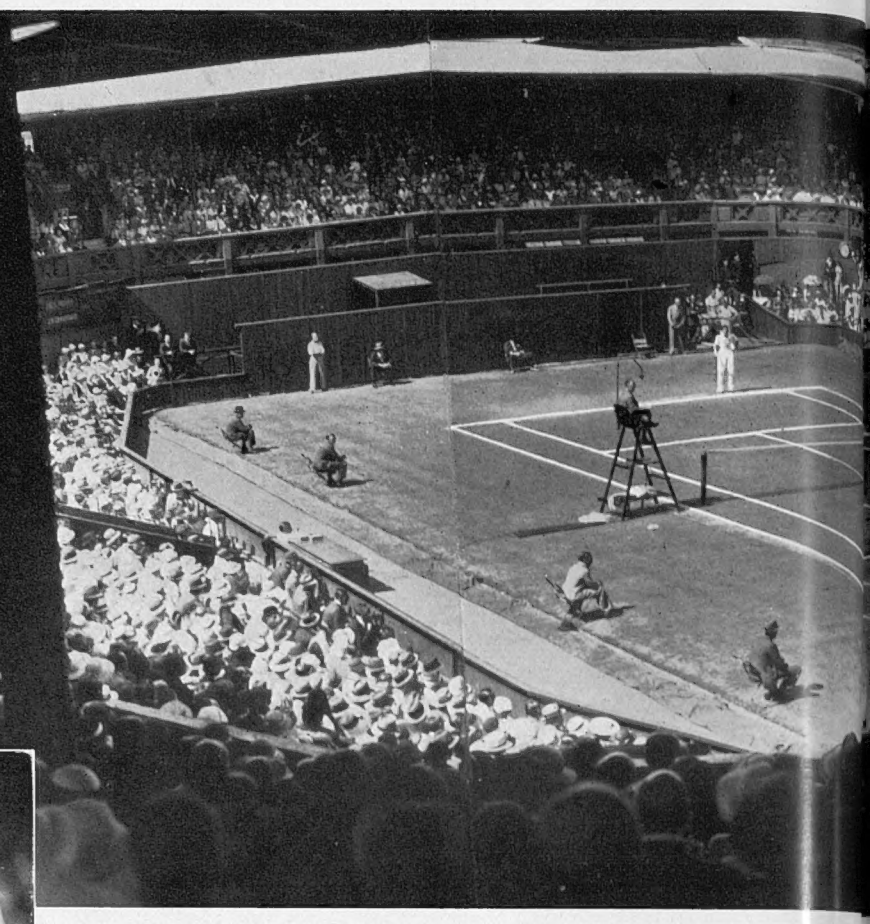
A PRELATE UNBENDS: The heat was so intense that the Bishop of Croydon discarded his coat during a visit to Hawnes School, Bedfordshire, last week on "Speech Day"

THE KING AND QUEEN IN EDINBURGH: Their Majesties driving past the famous Scott monument after their arrival at Princes Street Station on Monday for a week's stay at Holyrood. This is their first visit to Edinburgh for three years

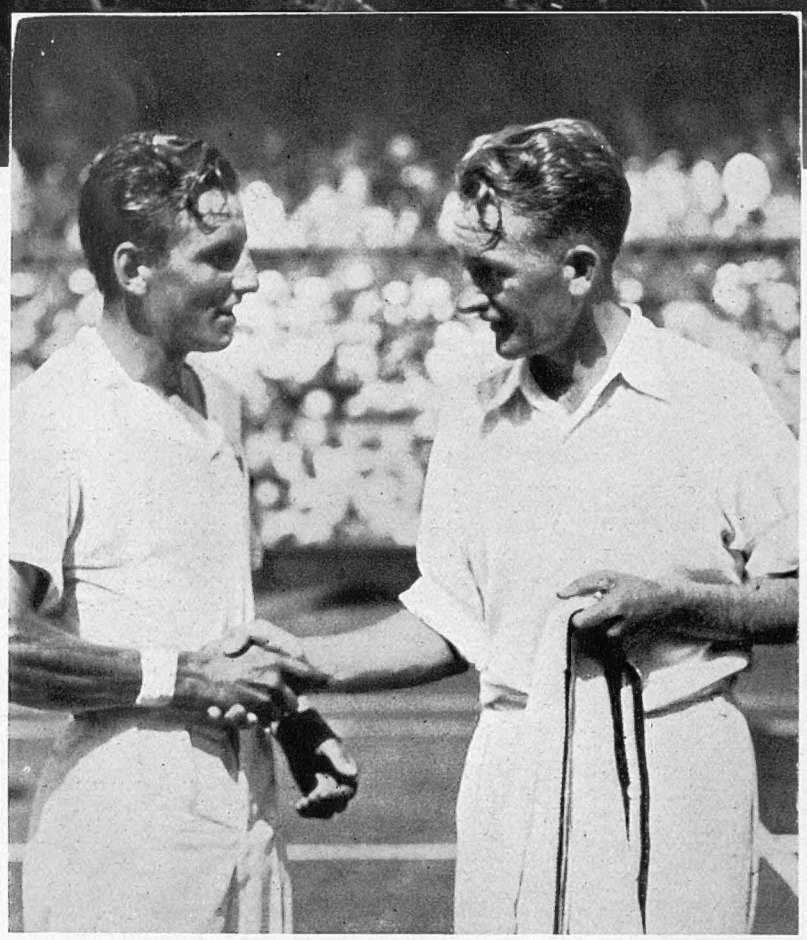
MEDIEVAL PAGEANTRY AT WINCHESTER: An episode from the play, *The Marriage of Henry IV and Joan of Navarre*, which was performed on the Cloister Garth last week to help in raising funds for the improvement of the Cathedral. Nearly 300 people took part

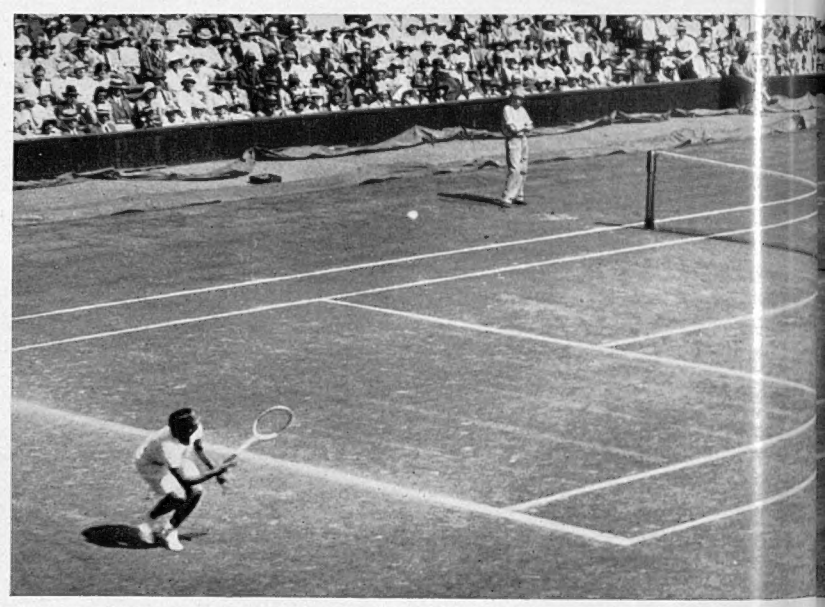
BRITAIN'S TRIUMPHANT WEEK OF SPORT:



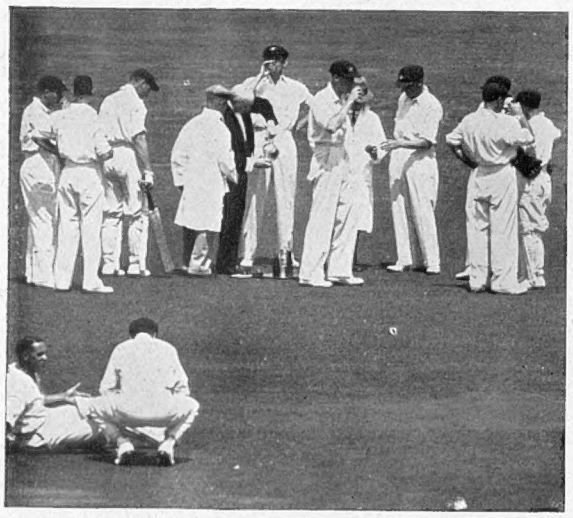


VICTORY AT LAST: Fred Perry in play against J. H. Crawford of Australia (foregrou and in so doing brought the title back to this country after a lapse of a quarter superb tennis, and at one point in the match won twelve games off the reel. an attacking stroke of almost American intensity." Afte

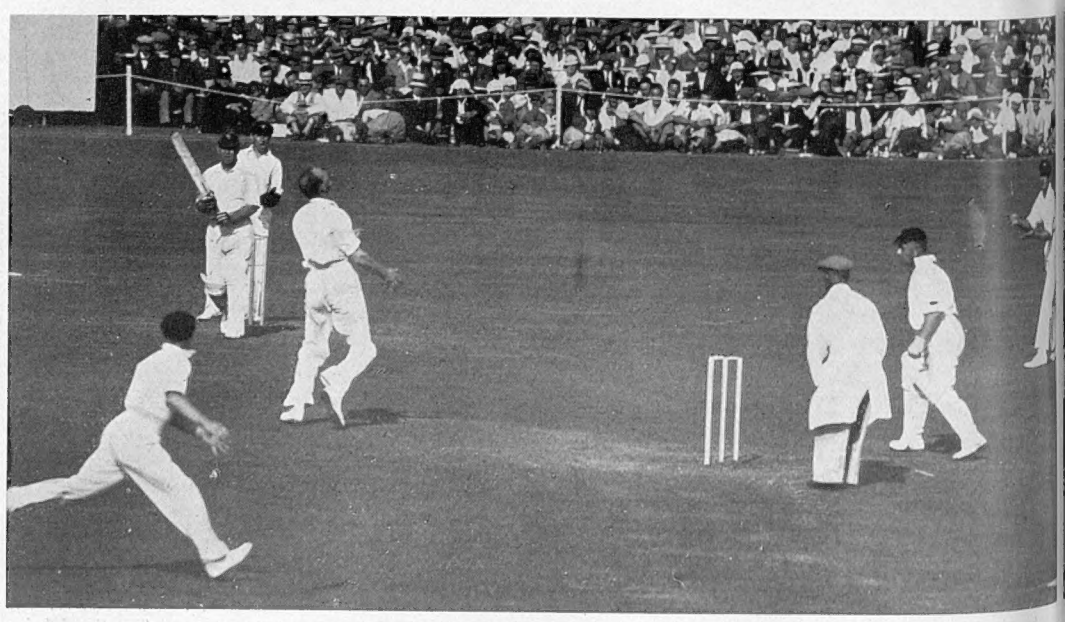




Left—ALL-EMPIRE FINALISTS: J. H. Crawford (rignt) congratulating Fred Perry, his conqueror, at Wimbledon. They have met several times in the past, the last important occasion being in the Australian Championships in January of this year when Perry won 6-3, 7-5, 6-1



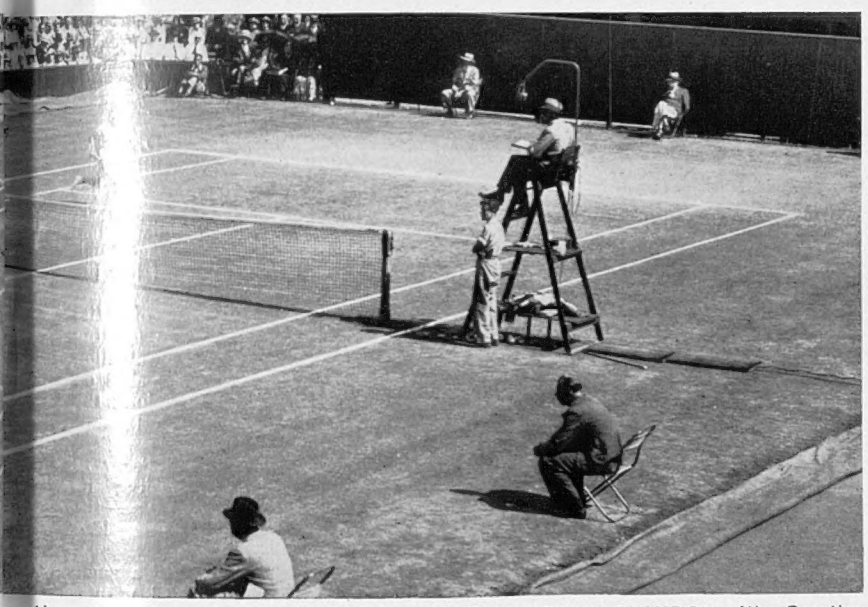
A REFRESHING BUT FATEFUL INTERVAL ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE THIRD TEST: While the rest of the Australian team quenched their thirst, Woodfull complained to the umpire about the ball in use. It was changed and when the game resumed O'Reilly dismissed Walters, Wyatt, and Hammond in four balls. Hendren (132), Leyland (153), and Ames (72), later retrieved the situation and the England innings was declared closed at the huge total of 627 for nine



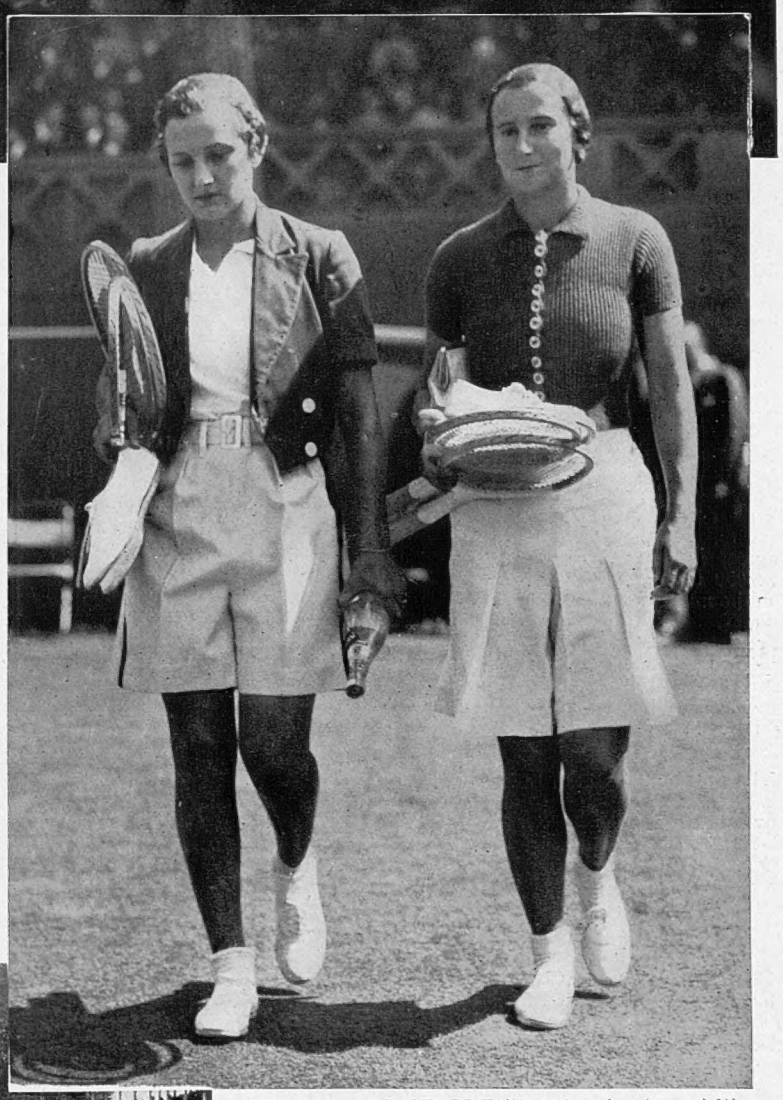
THE END OF A GREAT INNINGS: Hendren "skies" a ball from O'Reilly, who makes an easy catch in the cent of the pitch. Coming in at a critical period in England's first innings in the Test Match, the Middlesex play scored 132, and made a stand of nearly 200 with Leyland (second from right)

Fred Perry and Miss Dorothy Round Bring Back the Tennis Championships to Britain — A Huge Test Score at Old Trafford — Leander Beats an American University in a Henley Final

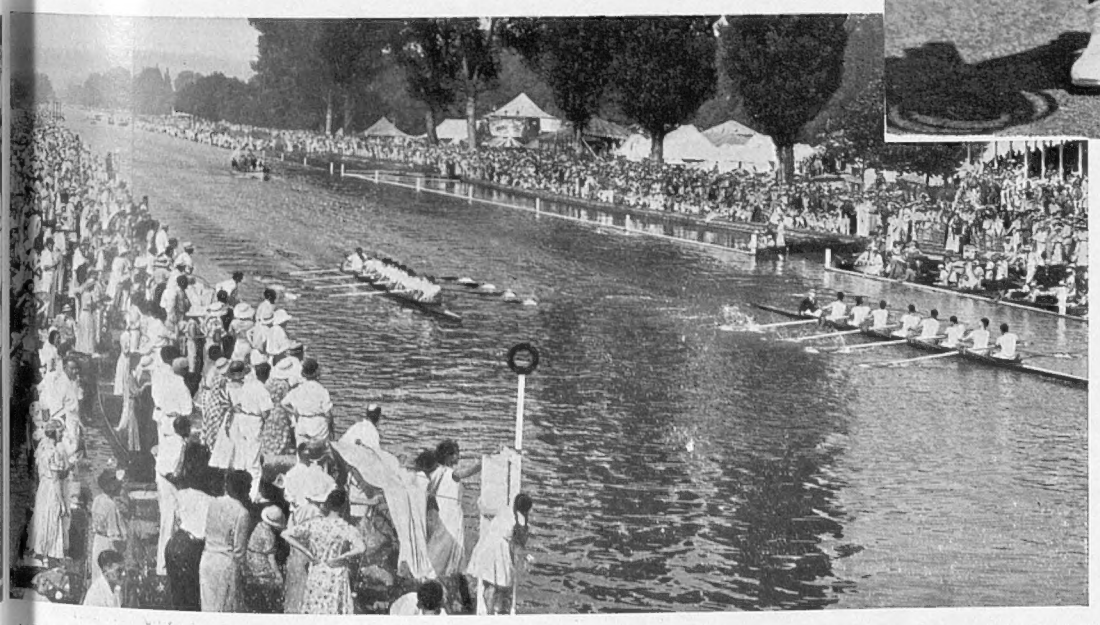
whom he defeated by 6-3, 6-0, 7-5 in the final of the Wimbledon Men's Singles Championship, century. Perry, who is also the holder of the American and Australian Championships, played volleying and ground shots were brilliant, while, according to one report, "his service was triumph he was cheered to the echo by the immense centre-court crowd



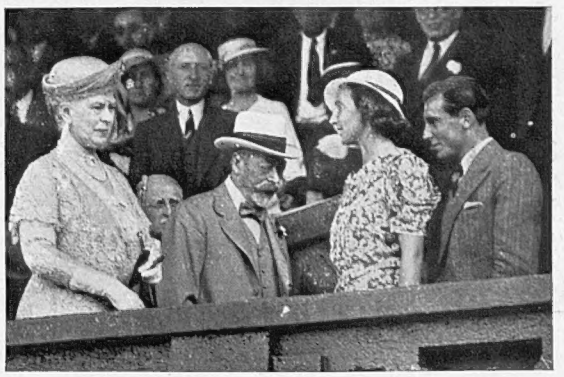
Above—LAST YEAR'S RUNNER-UP BECOMES THIS YEAR'S CHAMPION: Miss Dorothy Round (left) and Miss Helen Jacobs fighting out the final of the Women's Singles at Wimbledon. After a strenuous match Miss Round, whose driving was remarkable, won by 6-2, 5-7, 6-3



AMERICA v. GREAT BRITAIN: Miss Jacobs and Miss Round walking on to the centre court before their match. Miss Round's victory was the first scored by an English girl in this final for eight years



HENLEY ROYAL REGATTA: The Leander Club beating Princeton University by three-quarters of a length in the final of the Grand Challenge Cup. This was a particularly fine performance, as prior to Henley the American crew had suffered only one defeat in seven races. Many records were broken during the Regatta



WHOM THE KING AND QUEEN DELIGHTED TO HONOUR: Their Majesties congratulating Miss Round and Fred Perry, winners of the Singles titles

SUBSIDIES: The Government's Offer to British Shipping

A £2,000,000 Grant to Aid the Building of New Cargo Vessels

WHEN the history of the British Mercantile Marine in the twentieth century comes to be written, July 3, 1934, will be recorded as one of the vital dates in that history. For generation after generation the strength and greatness of Britain upon the seas has been built up on our merchant marine. For year after year the "Red Duster" has fluttered in the storms and breezes of the seven seas, the symbol of a service that has fought its own trade battles without seeking assistance from the Government of the day. In the days when the odds were equal our merchant marine fought its battles and won. Since the War the dice have been loaded against it. For the past year the tramp section of the industry has struggled for its very existence with dark defeat staring it in the face. It has had to ask for help from the State. Last Tuesday the President of the Board of Trade announced to Parliament and the nation the terms of that help.

THE GOVERNMENT'S OFFER to British shipping is made under two main headings. The first is a subsidy of £2,000,000 for one year "for vessels carrying tramp cargoes under tramp conditions." The subsidy is to be for "defensive purposes"—meaning that it is to be applied especially to ships meeting with severe competition from subsidized foreigners—and it is to be conditional in that the tramp-owners must draw up a scheme to eliminate as far as possible competition between British ships. The second part of the offer consists of financial help on favourable terms for scrapping older British cargo ships and providing a lesser quantity of up-to-date ships, either by building new vessels or modernizing existing ones. The condition attached to this offer is that shipowners scrap not less than three times as much tonnage as they modernize or build, and that such assistance will be available in the form of Treasury Loans at three per cent. interest repayable in twelve years. This means that if an owner agrees to scrap three old vessels of, say, 5,000 tons apiece the State will lend him the money to build one vessel of 5,000 tons.

The reasons that have compelled the Government to throw a lifebelt to the British tramp shipping industry are many and varied, but for clarity and brevity they may be summarized as follows:

(1) The enormous increase in world tonnage. Although sea-borne trade has fallen by one-third since 1929 and is appreciably less in volume than the year before the War, merchant shipping tonnage has increased by about 50 per cent. since 1914. At the same time there has been a drop in the tonnage of British shipping.

(2) Foreign countries that before the War allowed their goods to be carried in British ships now have their own merchant fleets. Many of them give their ships special preferences—direct assistance in building, special rates and customs duties—while conducting a war of restrictions and high port dues against British ships.

(3) Our leading competitors are subsidizing their merchant fleets to the tune of about £30,000,000 a year. Further, in many cases their wages are lower, their crews smaller, and their manning regulations on a lower standard than ours. These factors enable them to cut freight rates to a figure with which it is impossible for British ships to compete.

(4) The net result of 1, 2 and 3, is that very few, if any, of the British tramp shipping companies are covering even their running expenses. They have had to spend their reserves in the battle of the post-war years, and to-day they have no money to build modern, fast, competitive ships. To-day our tramp fleet is carrying over £9,000,000 in mortgages. The last quarterly return shows that on April 1, 1934, there were 453 ships laid up in British ports and rivers—the Fal, the Blackwater and the Dart are full of them—and they totalled over 1,000,000 tons. Of these ships 218, totalling 626,000 tons, had lain idle for over a year. The fall in laid-up tonnage since January 1 is not due to more trade but to the sale of ships for breaking up. The latest official figure shows that there are close on 50,000 British seamen "on the beach," out of work, 31 per cent. of the workers in the industry, not including unemployed officers. That, in short, is the tragic story of our tramp shipping, all the more tragic because it is one of the industries upon which we built an Empire, and because its strength and efficiency are of such great strategic value.

THE GOVERNMENT SCHEME to help shipping has had a better reception from the industry than was at first expected. "Far from perfect, but better than nothing," was the term used to me by one who holds a high position in the shipping world. His remark is probably a fairly accurate summary of the views of many shipowners.

It is on the labour side that the greater problem exists. I cannot do better than set down the opinions I heard expressed on Saturday night in the back parlour of a Southampton hostelry favoured by ships' officers. Of the ten men in the room I was, with one other exception, the only one who was not a merchant marine officer. Of the subsidy their view was "better than nothing." Of the "scrap three and build one" proposal they had little to say in its favour, the reason being the obvious one, that only one crew will be needed instead of three. One of the men in the room, a master mariner with thirty-five years' sea experience, had just got his first ship after eighteen months of selling brushes from door to door all day and shifting theatre scenery at night. His ship, a Plater, was an old one, and under the scheme she would probably be scrapped. "I have got a ship now," he said, "but if they scrap her I shall be on the beach again with, at the best, only a three-to-one chance of getting the company's new ship." His listeners agreed, and before the evening was out I heard the same objection voiced a dozen times by officers and men. It is a very real one, yet it is better perhaps that there should be one ship at work rather than three possibly lying idle. But will it work out like that? Only time and practice can tell.

J. Baker White

THE GOVERNMENT'S CONDITION: For every vessel launched under the subsidy owners will have to scrap not less than three times the amount of old tonnage. Many are afraid that this will lead to considerably more unemployment in the shipping industry

WIMBLEDON: A Last Look Round

Fred Perry Conquers his Temperament and Achieves a Well-deserved Victory

SO THE HOODOO is broken at last and Great Britain has swept the board at Wimbledon as in the days of her glory.

Well, not quite the board. One doubles goes to America; one to France and America jointly; one jointly to Britain and Japan.

But the two singles—the championships—have at long, long last, one after eight, the other after twenty-five years, come home to roost—for twelve months.

A player risen from the public parks of London, a Sunday school mistress from the heart of the Midlands, have restored our supremacy.

Fred Perry and Dorothy Round have, in the words of eighteenth-century France, "deserved well of their country."

The man had, perhaps, the harder task—if the easier match. Perry has been nibbling at the Wimbledon title for years. He has won in Australia, in America, in half the countries of the earth. But Wimbledon always eluded him.

Perry won a double victory, perhaps even a triple victory. He conquered (a) Crawford, (b) his Wimbledon "jinx," and (c) his own temperament.

It is no disparagement of Crawford to say that the third was the greatest of Perry's victories.

I have in the past inveighed as loudly as any, more bitterly than most, against Perry's "temperament"—which was largely temper; his fatal habit of losing control—and with it, the match.

Let me then make the amende equally frankly and say, with all the force at my command, that Perry had a superb Wimbledon, unmarred by any untoward "incident."

No one rejoices more than myself, who hold that Britain should both play—and win—the game.

Perry won. He has won before. But this year he *played* as well.

His final victory looked easy—easier by far than his semi-final match with Sidney B., the "pocket Tilden." It was shorter, more decisive—but I think Perry was wise not to force the pace against the little American, but use stamina as well as skill to beat him.

WITH CRAWFORD — even disallowing his unfortunate bout of "Wimbledon" throat—Perry felt on safer ground. He has played—and beaten—the Australian with some frequence.

He knows just the counter to that heavily sliced backhand; he knows just how deceptive that "laziness" of Crawford's is; he appreciates—though he does not himself exploit—Crawford's theory of tiring an opponent with slow stuff that is just fast enough to make him run: of teasing an adversary into over-hitting by allowing him to make a few winners.

He went into court armed with a strong and effective counter-campaign to Australian subtlety; to force, again to force, and still to force.

And Fred Perry had the tennis wizardry to do it.

For sheer dazzle, anything better than the glittering procession of drives, net-incursions, volleys, services, and smashes that came from his racquet, one would have to go back to the magic of Borotra at his most brilliant and ebullient seven years ago.

On Wightman Cup form, it was almost any odds against Dorothy Round beating Helen Jacobs this year. I heard five to one offered—and not taken. Helen II seemed in invincible form—but the G.B. player produced a game that made it look singularly *vincible*. The final proved the contention—periodically reversed by a short burst of "chopping success"—that the "straight" game will always, beat the cut.

CHAMPION: Miss Dorothy Round, the new holder of the women's singles title at Wimbledon. This year she has made a tremendous improvement and has shown that she has as much stamina as any woman in the game. Against Madame Mathieu in the semi-finals she won 6-4, 5-7, 6-2, and against Miss Jacobs in the final she won 6-2, 5-7, 6-3: a sure indication that she can now drop a set without her play being impaired

I, who did not look to see Dorothy Round further than the round of the last eight, was overjoyed to be confounded—the fate of tennis as of racing prophets—by her magnificent exhibition on Saturday—an even greater display, as it was more successful—than her gallant defeat in the final of '33.

Dorothy's drive won her her title. That poetically mobile stroke, executed with equal facility on either wing, with its miraculous timing of the "fizzed" bound of her opponent's cut shots, its accuracy of placing, its superb control—that stroke—say, rather, that stream of strokes—was unconquerable.

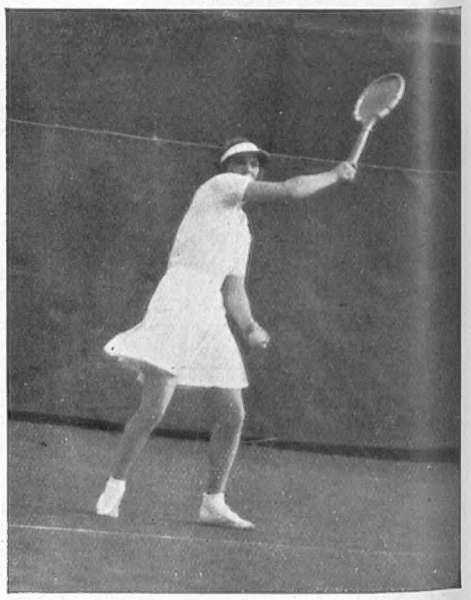
A WORD MUST BE SAID, too, of Miss Round's indefatigability. She never delayed at the change over her "mopping" intervals were excessively brief. And she played her mixed final—and how she played it!—as though she had not fought the fight of her life a few minutes before.

No one had any doubt of Miss Round's heart nor of Perry's fighting spirit; one feared lack of concentration and over-emphasis of the drop-shot on the part of our woman champion; the occasional lack of control on that of the man.

There was no need for Perry to display his well-known tenacity; he showed tenacity of a different type—the tenacity that holds on to a winning lead and invincible form.

And Dorothy Round played a game of superb judgment crowned with a success no less superb than deserved.

G. R.



MRS. FEARNLEY WHITTINGSTALL: A stylist with the most graceful service of any British woman player

THE SPLENDOUR OF PLUMES AND PEARL BUTTONS: A London costermonger and his wife, owners of Pretty Polly the winner of the Queen Alexandra Challenge Cup for the best donkey in the annual parade in Regent's Park, arranged by Our Dumb Friends' League. Another Costers' Fair was held on Thursday of this week in aid of the Young Women's Christian Association. *Right*—A NEAT TURN-OUT at the Regent's Park Parade

London's Pearly Kings and Queens

ADDING TO THE GAIETY OF REGENT'S PARK: Another picture taken during the costermongers' parade in which the pearly kings and queens of London and about ninety ponies and donkeys participated. The pride of the owners in their exhibits was most marked, the column in the programme headed "value" opposite the donkeys' names being filled with such remarks as "Priceless," "Not For Sale," or "its Weight in Gold," while some left a scornful blank. Most of the winners crowded their entire families into their carts to share their triumph, and one small pony was seen to be drawing a pearly-clad party of four—three large grown-ups and a small girl whose face was wreathed in one perpetual, rapturous grin. The name costermonger, which is of considerable antiquity and is mentioned in Shakespeare's *Henry IV*, is applied in its widest sense to street vendors of fruit, vegetables, and fish. The original form of spelling was costardmonger, a costard being a large apple

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"AND I CHIEFLY USE MY CHARM ON CREATURES THAT DO PEOPLE HARM": A picture taken during the recent celebrations in Hamelin, Hanover, of the 650th anniversary of the occasion when the Pied Piper freed the town of rats and enticed all the children into a cavern in the side of the mountain. Some of the juvenile performers were dressed to represent rats

"AND AFTER HIM THE CHILDREN PRESSED": The Pied Piper takes his revenge and leads the youth of Hamelin out of the town

THE PIED PIPER LIVES AGAIN

650th Anniversary Celebrations in the Little Hanoverian Town of Hamelin

WHILE HAMELIN, or Hameln, as it is more correctly called, may not be proud of the way it treated the Pied Piper, it is extremely proud of its ancient legend. During June this famous Hanoverian town celebrated the 650th anniversary of the day on which the Pied Piper freed it of rats and, in revenge for not being rewarded for his services, enticed all the children into a cavern in the side of the mountain. During the celebrations the whole scene was re-enacted in the streets before large and applauding crowds.

What measure of veracity there is in the story it is difficult to say. Erichius in his *Exodus Hamelensis* maintains that it is substantially true, while Martin Schoock, another authority, contends in his *Fabula Hamelensis* that it is a mere myth. Actually, there is little real evidence at all upon which to go.

On the walls of the Rattenfangerhaus (ratcatcher's house), a seventeenth-century building in the town, there is an inscription telling the story of the Pied Piper, but this can hardly be accepted as proof, as this house was not built until 300 years after the event was supposed to have taken place.

Some trace the origin of the legend to the Children's Crusade of 1211, and others to a dancing mania which, in the thirteenth century, seized upon the youth of Hamelin. That an event of unusual importance did occur seems almost certain. Everything else is mere conjecture, and perhaps it is better so. The story, in his filming of which Walt Disney brought joy to hundreds of thousands of children, is proclaimed by many to be better than all the fairy tales, for there is always just the chance that it might be true.

JOY IN HAMELIN TOWN: The rats gather round the Piper as he plays in the market square. An incident during the recent celebrations

Doubt is often diverting, and if somebody were to prove definitely that the Pied Piper never really existed the legend of Hamelin would be shorn of half its charm.

ACT I: The Piper charms the rats into following him to the River Weser. Every hour these figures on one of the buildings in Hamelin are animated by clockwork

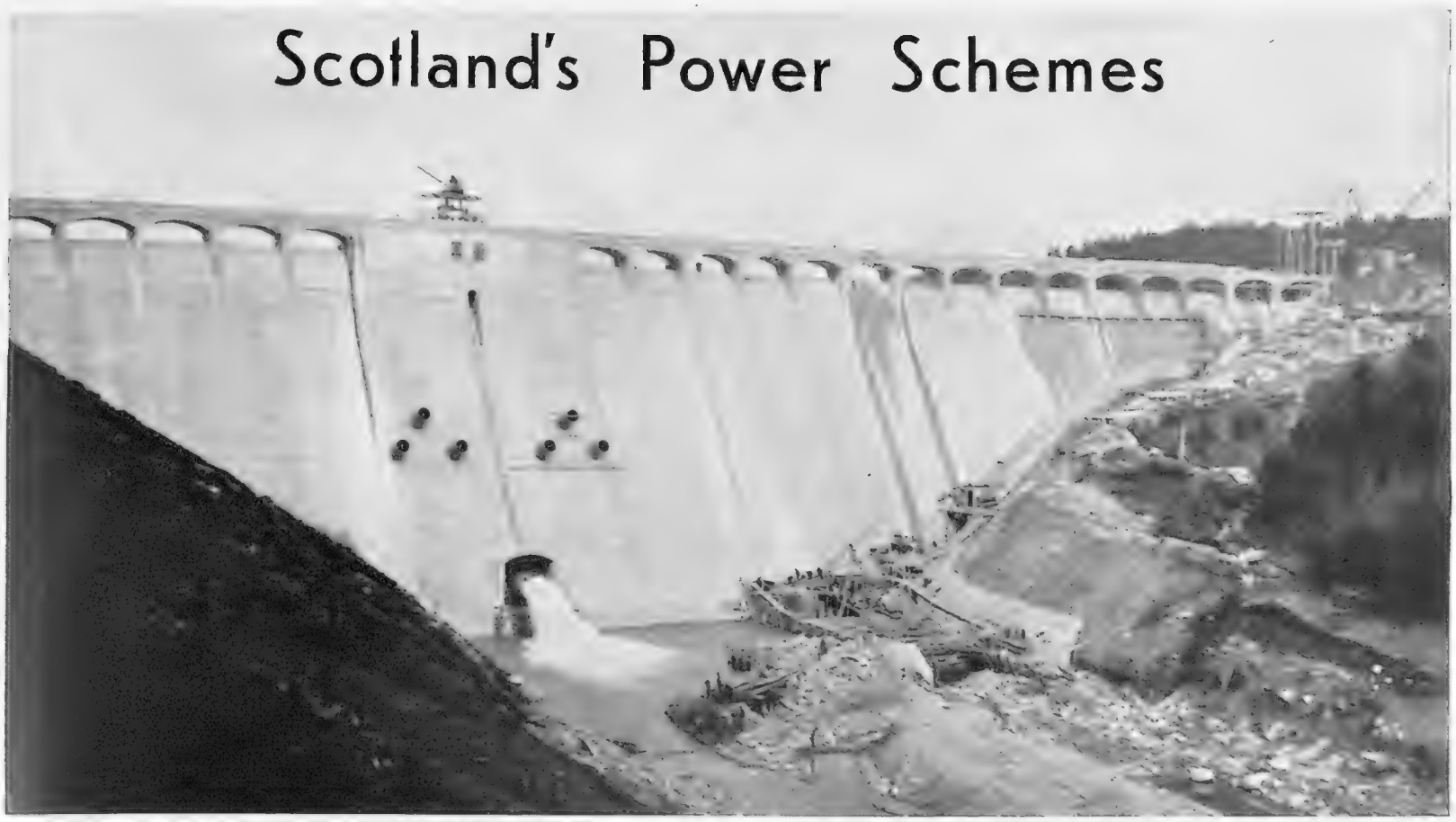
ACT II: The Piper charms the children. Another view of the clockwork tableau in Hamelin which serves as a constant reminder to the citizens of the centuries-old legend which has made the town famous

THE RATCATCHER'S HOUSE IN HAMELIN: An inscription on the walls of this Renaissance building records the legend of the Pied Piper. This was written, however, over 300 years after the event was supposed to have taken place

An Extract from Robert Browning's Version of the Famous Legend

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished!
—Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he, the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary.

Scotland's Power Schemes



TO PROVIDE CENTRAL SCOTLAND WITH ELECTRICITY: The recently completed Spean Dam which sends an additional supply of water to the head of Loch Treig. This picture was taken on the day after the dam came into operation, and the water behind it began to rise

THE SPEAN DAM FROM ABOVE: An unusual view taken just after the opening of the main culvert when the water began to flow back into its old course. The engineers were C. S. Meik and Halcrow of Westminster

THE GREAT DAM OF LAGGAN which has taken over three years to build. It forms part of the Lochaber Power Scheme which supplies current to the British Aluminium works

Right—CONTROLLED POWER: The Dunalastair Intake Dam which utilises the waters of Loch Rannoch and carries them along two 12 ft. 6 in.-diameter pipe lines to the new power station of the Grampian Electricity Supply Company. In the foreground of this picture is the "fish pass" which enables salmon to gain the upper reaches of the river. A concrete bridge carries a footpath over the dam

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SHOWTIME in ENGLAND

ROYAL CATTLE AT THE ROYAL SHOW: The Prince of Wales, who visited Ipswich on the second day of the show, inspecting some of the King's champions. *Right*—Mr. R. S. Walters' "Sutton Victor," winner of the Silver Challenge Cup for the best senior Longhorn exhibit

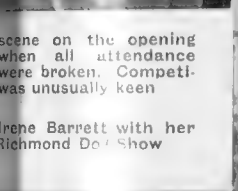
Few Royal Shows can have boasted such a large percentage of farming folk among its visitors as that held at Ipswich. East Anglia is essentially an agricultural district, and throughout last week the scattered population converged on the picturesque little market town, and at times traffic was so heavy that there were blocks on the main roads ten miles from the show ground. On the Thursday over 30,000 paid for admission as compared with 18,000 on the corresponding day at Derby last year, and 7,000 at Southampton in 1932. Another heartening feature was the presence of buyers from the Dominions who had come over to purchase stock

PARADING BEFORE THE JUDGES: I scen day of the Royal Show at Ips whe records for the past nine ye wen tion in most of the cla was

Right—STUDY IN EXPRESSIONS: I Iren bulldog, "Culford Sturdy Lad Rich

Bri and Sho Ma

scene on the opening when all attendance were broken. Competi- was unusually keen



Irene Barrett with her Richmond Do Show

"OYEZ-OYEZ OYEZ": Mr Taylor of Bury St. Edmunds, Mr. Angliss of Marlborough, Mr. Allis of Keynsham, and Mr. Soper of Axminster, who competed in the National Town Criers Championship at Marlborough last week

Right — "BUTTONS OF LADKER": Mrs. A. R. Greig's Tibetan Terrier at Richmond Dog Show

Brilliant sunshine, a garden-party atmosphere, a large attendance, and good entries, contributed to the success of the Richmond Dog Show which was held last week on the Athletic Ground, Richmond. Many dogs with distinguished records on the racing track were among the entries in the greyhound class

THE ASCOT OF DOG SHOWS

M. ROGER SALENGRO: Socialist mayor and virtual dictator of Lille, France's northern metropolis

COLONEL DE LA ROQUE: Distinguished war veteran, fine speaker, and leader of the Croix de Feu movement

M. GASTON BERGERY: Forty-two-year-old lawyer and fiery opponent of Gaston Doumergue. Has many enemies

M. PIERRE TAITTINGER: Leader of the youth movement, Jeunesses Patriotes. Dislikes the party system

M. HENRI DE JOUVENEL, formerly Ambassador in Rome and father of M. Bertrand de Jouvenel who is rallying France's youth

M. EUGÈNE FROT: A dynamic personality with immense self-confidence. Has been in the French Cabinet

Frenchmen of Destiny

Political Personalities of whom Much is Likely to be Heard in the Near Future

By FERDINAND TUOHY

OBVIOUSLY FRANCE is undergoing the birthpangs that precede a change of regime, perhaps a revolution itself. The latter might be expedited by one of two things: war with Hitler (prospect hereabouts has receded), and domestic collapse through "the Ancients" sticking to the present policy of an impossible gold franc—impossible, that is, *pour faire marcher les affaires*. In this view, the birthpangs should reach their crisis through the latter cause.

No less obviously, with Change so cryingly in the wind, has a collection of "new" Frenchmen broken surface, from some of whom we may be hearing one day, yet whose names at present mean little or nothing to 90 per cent. of the world outside France. I propose, therefore, to present these new head-liners, men who are now occupying the public prints day in and day out.

Colonel de la Roque	Jean Ybarnégaray
Pierre Taittinger	Philippe Henriot
Gaston Bergery	Eugène Frot
Marcel Déat	Roger Salengro
Adrien Marquet	Simon Sabiani
Barthélemy Montagnon	Jean Luchair
Maxime Réal del Sarte	Georges Scapini
Bertrand de Jouvenel	Jacques Doriot
Bertrand de Maud'huy	M. Rivollet

It is a rare mixed bag and will be vastly amusing to any Frenchman who may read. But don't let that discourage us. Rather let us toy with such amusing notions as that most of the bunch wouldn't be where they are in the limelight, as would-be fashioners of a New France, but for a certain Russian swindler now reposing in Père Lachaise.

These men are nearly all in the first half of the forties. The oldest is fifty-one and the youngest twenty-six. So you see we have to do essentially with a War-generation affair. Post-War youth is unrepresented save for Bertrand de Jouvenel. My list hails from all parties. Separately, almost each wants to do something special; together, they all want to do one thing: reorganize the State, jerk this forward from 1875 to 1934. Have we any hidden Dantons here? Or Duces or Führers? Or Oswalds or Staffords? One thing we certainly have: some very remarkable types indigenous to France.

On one side, at least, something of a war of the generations is on, and the "*crépuscule des vieux*" is being hailed with augmenting glee.

La Roque sprang from nowhere with his *Croix de Feu* on historic February 6, and has since been touring the country with Mosleyan aptitude for raising rumpuses. This retired Regular, who first tried law, left the Service at forty for private reasons. He is now forty-eight, father of four, clean-shaven, good presence, incisive platform style, doesn't mind any amount of hostility. He insisted on commanding his men while unable to stand, in 1915, and after the Armistice, North Africa drew him, but I am unable to trace any professional excelling. The movement has been greatly aided by young Bertrand de Maud'huy, son of the heroic War General. It is not his organizing ability but economic savvy that shines: he supplies the brains for the platform yapping. In his premature retirement, La Roque launched the Fiery Cross crusade, which was first reserved to ex-officers, and the guiding notion was a cleaner, more authoritative France. The President's brother is the Duc de Guise's A.D.C., in exile near Brussels, but La Roque disdains Royalist sympathies—as do they all save the dear old *Camelots du Roi*. What just does this Fiery Cross business stand for? Clearly for a Right redressing of the State on dictatorial lines, and (I should say) in an emergency for anything Weygand said.

Pierre Taittinger, reactionary Paris deputy and chief of the powerful youth movement, *Jeunesses Patriotes*, is a forty-seven-year-old industrialist and has shot right ahead since his merry young men led the dance on the Concorde that February night. This organization pretends to be non-party, but M. Coty, the perfume monarch, is widely believed to be financing it. To approach Taittinger one must pass through anterooms guarded by menacing young men who refer to *le Chef*, as translated direct from the Roman and Berlinese. Walls are draped with standards and pictures of casualties. Taittinger intends to suppress Parties and have the country run by *un Chef* who has been elected by the people. I think you may breath the word "Fascist" without much fear of here going wrong.

Gaston Bergery is a burning figure, a "bolshevising radical," and is successfully forming a new Common Front from the Left of the Centre to the Right of the Extreme Left, if you follow me. The emblem of this Front is a red arrowhead on a white background. Bergery chucked up his seat at Mantes the other day deliberately to fight Doumergue's policy and was only just beaten on a near-Communist programme. Bergery predicts that the Communists will burn large parts of Paris but that the Right will win in the end. Off-stage, he is a forty-two-year-old lawyer and a popular character at the Left Bank intellectual resorts. Certainly: more from Bergery who has the capacity of making people hate him in heaps.

I shall put Montagnon next because he is very nearly as Left as Bergery, both having quit Herriot's Party after getting the worst of it at the recent Clermont-Ferrand Congress. Montagnon is a forty-five-year-old engineer and Paris deputy.

Marcel Déat was hailed as the coming man some months ago when he broke away from the Socialists with thirty-eight others and founded the Neo-Socialist Party which is accused of harbouring Fascist tendencies. Déat is a handsome professor of philosophy, aged forty, and also an M.P. for Paris. He is out for a planned economy in which capitalism would be dethroned and power pass in the main to the immense grouping formed by the General Labour Confederation and the ex-Soldiers. He has foretold a bit of a mess for July 8, and you will have seen already whether he was right. Déat may go far should big events take a definite Left tendency.

(I should interpolate that nearly all the gentlemen selected have the front page at their disposal day after day, their names having become household—or perhaps I should say café—words in consequence.)

Adrien Marquet is fifty, Mayor of Bordeaux, Minister of Labour and author of the great Public Works Plan being put into force at once to relieve unemployment in the worst centres. Marquet, a swell fellow, is also a Neo-Socialist though whether his presence in this Government will weaken his position later—for great things are expected of him—is an open question. This successful Mayor of a great port wants to infuse something of his Bordeaux authority and efficiency rule into the government of the Republic. He holds that "he who hits on a formula to master the present economic and money riddle can first be master of his own country and then of the world."

Mighty different are two other Mayors in my list—of Marseilles and of Lille respectively. These inclusions are among the ones that will make Frenchmen laugh. But let's just consider things. If there should be a show-down in the streets (and every second day some faction or another is threatening

(Continued on p. 82)

M. ADRIEN MARQUET: Mayor of Bordeaux, and author of a great public works plan to aid the unemployed

M. JACQUES DORIOT: One of the few Communist leaders of any note. Formerly Mayor of St. Denis

M. GEORGES SCAPINI: Blinded in the War, now a Deputy for the Parc Monceau District

M. MARCEL DEAT: Founder of the Neo-Socialist Party. He believes that the day of the Capitalist is over

M. JEAN YBARNEGARAY: A lawyer from the Basque country who stands for honesty in French public life

M. BARTHÉLEMY MONTAGNON: Forty-five-year-old engineer and Deputy. Inclines towards Communism

STYLE IN WEST AFRICA: Mallam Dogo, a native veterinary surgeon who specializes in cattle inoculation. He is at present in charge of the centre at Yalwa, Northern Nigeria, and makes his rounds on his Arab horse. Note the beautifully worked saddle cloth of silk brocade and velvet

AN AFRICAN CONTRAST

NEW STYLE IN EAST AFRICA: A Masai warrior seeing some of his friends off by train at a wayside station on the Kenya and Uganda Railway. The Masai are the native aristocrats of East Africa, and at one time they terrorized the territory with their raids. The construction of the railway in 1896 made it possible for the Government to put a stop to their warlike activities, and to-day they are living contentedly under British rule

The Navy's Gunnery

The Question of the War-time Vulnerability of Modern Gun Control Mechanism

ONE of the greatest of the many problems which confront the naval authorities at the present time is the maintenance of the gunnery of the Fleet at the highest possible standard *in all circumstances* and, carefully as it has been considered, the full solution has not been found.

That is sufficiently serious in itself, but in addition a certain amount of misapprehension has gained strength among the general public, and the fear is very often expressed that the gunnery of the Navy is not so good to-day as it was once.

There is some comfort in the fact that this view is not correct. At the present time the gunnery ratings of the fleet are more highly trained than ever before, the mechanical and scientific sides of gunnery are as perfect as they reasonably could be, and even the Germans have been beaten at their own speciality, the making of optical instruments. The ships are "hitting the target" more frequently, more rapidly, and in circumstances which are infinitely more like real war than ever before. The highly-trained brains in the mighty control stations, which are such a feature of modern warship design, work their delicate instruments at lightning speed, and transmit their information without a hitch down to the turrets and gun-positions, where the ratings do everything that is asked of them.

The Navy's target practices and test shoots make the fullest use of the mechanical side and reduce the human one, except that the instruments can only be used by the most perfectly trained personnel, to the minimum. They aim to reproduce the real thing, and that is how modern naval battles are fought, at ranges so long that no other method is possible. And in spite of the progress made by other nations, and the money that some of them have spent like water while we have been forced to economize, the British Navy is still well ahead as far as it is possible to ascertain.

What worries the thoughtful naval man is the difficulty of making provision beforehand for the things that may go wrong in action; the director officer who is killed by a splinter, the control station that is blown up, and the delicate apparatus that is thrown out of balance by the concussions of a naval battle. It is easy to say that at modern battle range hitting a huge ship at all is very much a matter of chance, and that the gunnery control positions, big as they appear when examined at short range, are at most only a tiny proportion of the ship's bulk to offer a target. But they are just as likely to be hit as any other part of the ship. That is when the decision will once again lie with the man behind the gun, the bluejacket gunlayer who will have to carry on without any of the wonderful aids that have been provided by the scientist.

When the late Sir Percy Scott started his campaign for better gunnery in the Navy thirty-five years ago, his wonderful success, to which the Navy owed so much during the War, was mainly due to two factors. Firstly, his example roused every other captain in the Fleet who said that if Scott could make the bluejacket hit the target, he could, just as easily; and secondly, the conditions of gunnery in those days gave every opportunity for fostering the competitive spirit among the men, and the British sailor is as good a sportsman as can be found anywhere.

ABOARD H.M.S. "RODNEY": This instrument is used for obtaining more accurate ranges than can be taken on the ordinary range-finder attached to each gun

Right—BEFORE GUN PRACTICE: Owing to the enormous vibration set up by the firing, all movable objects aboard a ship, such as pictures, silver trophies, etc., are removed to a place of safety

There were two sorts of gunnery tests in pre-War days; the battle practice which was the nearest approximation to active service conditions that was possible with the somewhat primitive apparatus then in existence, and the gunlayers' tests which put everything on to the shoulders of the bluejacket. Ships were publicly marked for both of them; for the latter there were quite valuable prizes for the individual and, what counted far more with the average bluejacket, the honour of the ship and the fleet. Nobody could pretend that the conditions were anything remotely resembling real war but they taught the Navy to shoot and, taking the average, our hitting ability was quite equal to that of the Germans, especially as the action progressed.

There is no doubt that it was the publicity and the keen competition that made the Navy's shooting what it was. But the conditions were admittedly unreal, and the War showed that it was scientific gunnery that counted for more and more. The German salvoes which sank the battle cruisers at Jutland were only possible by scientific control; the finest gunlayers in the world could not possibly have done it working individually. And nowadays it is the Navy's business to prepare for war under proved war conditions, and gunnery practice is essentially scientific.

AFTER GUN PRACTICE: Men manning the tackle while "sponging out" the bore of one of H.M.S. *Valiant's* eight 15-in. guns

So all the picturesque side which worked wonders before the War has disappeared; there is no publicity at all and it is only the fleet itself, and a comparatively small proportion of it at that, which knows exactly how good the Navy's gunnery as a whole really is. My Lords have decided that it is not in the public interest to publish the exact figures even if it were possible to ascertain them with modern salvo practices in which the last thing desired is actually to hit the target. But there are many who cannot help thinking of the chance shell that may destroy the wonderful apparatus and throw things on to the shoulders of the men.

The ship would be fighting at a terrible disadvantage, of course, but her crew might possibly save her from destruction if their skill equalled their spirit. The question is whether every measure is taken to ensure its doing so. The pre-War plan is admittedly impossible; but surely the spirit of emulation between ships might be encouraged by a system of marking which would permit the ships to be put into a clear order of merit, and would foster the "pride of ship" which has declined so unhappily lately.

Frank C. Bowen

COUNT TOGO'S FUNERAL

ENDEAVOUR'S VICTORY

THE NELSON OF JAPAN GOES TO HIS LAST RESTING-PLACE: Scenes at the funeral of Count Heihachiro Togo, the famous Japanese admiral who died a short while ago at the advanced age of eighty-seven. *Left*—British sailors marching in the procession behind the coffin. *Right*—The cortege passing through the streets of Tokyo. Count Togo, who received much of his early training in England, will always be remembered for the brilliant part he played in the Russo-Japanese war when he was Commander-in-Chief of his country's fleet

PORT OF PLYMOUTH ANNUAL REGATTA: A striking aerial view taken at the start of the race for big cutters, which was won with the greatest ease by *Endeavour*. As she is the challenger for the America's Cup the victory was particularly popular, and there is no doubt that Mr. Sopwith's yacht is one of the speediest that has been built in England for many years

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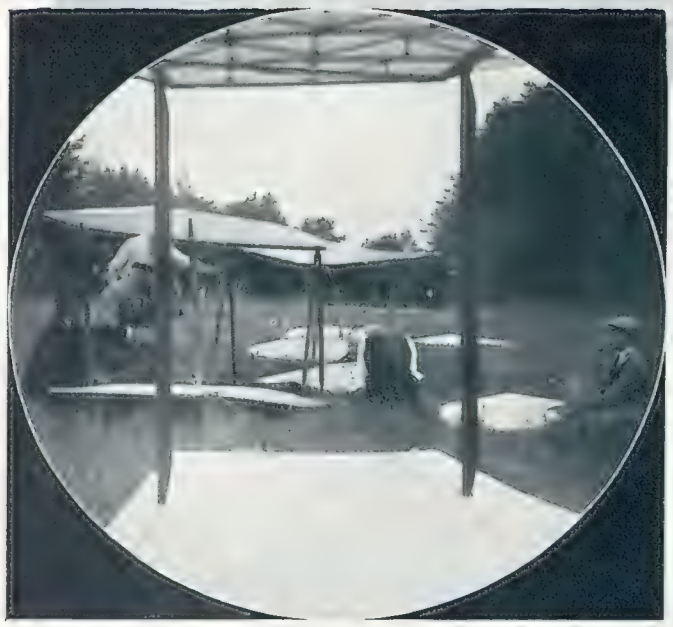
ENGINELESS FLIGHT

ON THE WINGS OF THE WIND: A member of the Essex Gliding Club making a flight at Theydon Bois



WHERE YOUTH IS AIR-CONSCIOUS: Young Germans learning how to build their own gliders

HERR HANS RICHTER *(right)*, a German gliding expert, who is experimenting with a new system whereby the glider starts its flight without extraneous motive power; the pilot runs down hill with his machine until sufficient lift has been obtained to enable him to rise *(see below)*

OFF THE GROUND: The glider rising without the aid of a tow-rope

Gliding—a Sport which Indirectly Owes its Origin to the Treaty of Versailles: Its Importance in the Training of Pilots

By CHARLES GRAVES

THE ANNOUNCEMENT by Sir Philip Sassoon in his official capacity that the Government is giving a subsidy of £5,000 to the gliding movement in this country, has reawakened interest in a sport (or art) which has been slumping very considerably. I am assured, however, that even before the subsidy, a slight revival in gliding was evident, partly due to the improving trading conditions, and partly to the obtaining of cross-country records by British gliders. Two or three years ago, it would appear, there were as many as a hundred gliding clubs in this country, but they had diminished to less than two dozen, of which only eight, headed by the London Gliding Club, were functioning at all properly. Members of this club, with their headquarters at Dunstable, soar back and forwards over the lions of Whipsnade and thirty electric cables, each of 3,000 volts power. The choice of the neighbourhood was made imperative by the existence of the only decent-sized hill facing west within sixty miles of London. For gliding, or rather soaring, demands a hill which faces west and consequently the prevailing west wind.

But what is gliding and who started it? The answer to the second question is that gliding in the modern sense owes its origin to the Treaty of Versailles and the consequent embargo on powered military machines in Germany. Young Germany, having become rapidly air-conscious as a result of the War, wanted some outlet for its energy. Hiking and Nudist Colonies did not fit the bill. Then the German authorities, realizing the importance of gliding and soaring as a training for future war pilots, gave official encouragement to the new movement. The result was that gliding clubs started up all over Germany, and its members still hold all the records for gliding—including that of a thirty-six hour duration flight and the longest flight—one of 160 miles in distance. The record English solo flight is one of fifty miles, from Dunstable to Latchington, which is near Southend, made by Mr. Philip Wills. The record flight with a passenger, which is only two miles short of the world's record, is held by Mr. Eric Collins, who covered forty-five miles. The record for the lengthiest English flight is held by Flight Officer Mole, who stayed up for over eight hours last May.

BUT what *is* gliding? Well, it has to be divided into two perfectly separate parts. The first is the elementary business of coasting (at about twenty-five miles an hour) down hill, with the object of delaying the touch down (as landing is called) for as long as possible. As you lose height at the rate of three feet per second, you do not stay up very long.

Soaring is a very different and evidently a most fascinating sport. For if, in taking off, you meet an air current which is rising at the rate of three feet a second, obviously you won't lose height even though you are pointing the nose of your machine downwards—in other words, you will not be sinking relatively to the ground.

There are three methods of getting aloft. There is the "Bungy" launch (alias the catapult). There is the auto-launch, when the glider or sail-plane is towed behind a motor car. Finally there is the winch launch, when you substitute a drum in place of the back wheel of your car, using the power of your motor to kite the glider up—a height of 600 ft. being easily obtainable in this way. Having got into the air the next thing, if you are proposing to soar, is to go and find a nice cloud. For clouds, particularly the cumulus variety between 11 a.m. and 3.30 p.m., are caused by ascending air. But there are many kinds of clouds, some having much more lift than others. The cumulus is best, unless you have the good fortune (!) to run into a thunder-cloud or a hail-storm. Then as you do your steady beat back along the hill top you may get a whole street of clouds and tour about in the most thrilling way from one to the next.

Cornfields in hot weather are also likely to give you a lift, and sometimes you get whole areas of warm air, like gigantic bubbles with a raising effect. Another good kind of cloud, Mr. Philip Wills tells me, is the "cold front" cloud. This is the long sausage-like variety you may see all day in the sky as opposed to the cumulus variety which dies with the setting of the sun. Expanses of water and also frost are, by contrast, bad. What you want for soaring is a high lapse rate in the cooling off of the upper air. For if it cools off slowly it means that the air becomes stable, and the bumps upward do not persist.

HOWEVER, I am getting too technical, so let me say that the English height record in a motorless machine is nearly 6,000 ft. Over here the members of the various gliding clubs have a lot to learn. But all the time they are acquiring experience and teaching themselves to be better pilots of powered machines. For the controls are almost exactly the same as in an aeroplane, and you have all the ordinary risks of stalling and getting into a spin. Indeed, there have been no fewer than five fatal gliding accidents in the past two or three years (the most recent being six months ago), and innumerable smaller ones.

The trouble at the moment is that the vast majority of sail-planes are of German manufacture, and there is, naturally, a fairly heavy import duty. Elementary gliders cost only £50 or so, but an advanced sail-plane will cost more than treble that amount. Gliders and sail-planes vary very considerably in both size and weight. The heaviest are a matter of 340 lbs. compared with 160 lbs., while the wing span varies from 35 ft. to more than 60 ft. At the present minute in England there are 360 English people who have their A Certificate, 160 who have their B Certificate (this is all elementary stuff, of course), and eighty who have their C Certificate. The latter is the real McCoy and involves a minimum flight of five minutes above the level at which the sail-plane was cast off. There is only one Silver C Certificate holder in this country, for this involves a duration flight of five hours, a height obtained of 3,000 ft., and a cross-country trip of at least thirty miles. Mr. Eric Collins, to whom I have already referred, is the proud possessor of it.

(Continued on p. 84)

THE ROYAL VISIT TO LANCASHIRE

MANCHESTER'S NEW PUBLIC LIBRARY: This imposing building, which has cost about £1,500,000, is to be opened by the King on Tuesday next. It contains twenty-five miles of books, and has a printing department, lecture halls, and studies for research workers

Left—The library of white stone amid the smoke-grimed buildings of Manchester

SIMPLE DIGNITY: A corridor leading to the library. The richly-coffered ceiling relieves the severity of the walls

Manchester has for long needed a public library worthy of its importance, Liverpool has needed a tunnel beneath the Mersey. Both of these are now complete, and on Tuesday and Wednesday of next week the King will be in Lancashire to open them. The Manchester Library is notable both from an architectural and an educational point of view. Here students and research workers will be surrounded by all that they require in the way of reference books, and they will be able to study in ideal surroundings. Those who think that a library is a place for conversation will be disappointed, for the main reading-room has been fitted with amplifiers which will send every sound echoing round the chamber. Thus the chatterers will be detected and silenced

A MECCA FOR STUDENTS AND RESEARCH WORKERS: The imposing columns at the main entrance of the new library, the foundation stone of which was laid three years ago by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. It was designed by Mr. E. Vincent Harris

THE NEW MERSEY TUNNEL WHICH IS TO BE OPENED BY THE KING ON JULY 18: A view of the work in progress showing the overhead trolley-way used for removing the excavated rock and for bringing in the steel-work employed in the construction of the arches. The tunnel is two miles long and will provide a much-needed link for road traffic between Liverpool and Birkenhead. *Right*—One of the giant fans which will ventilate the tunnel

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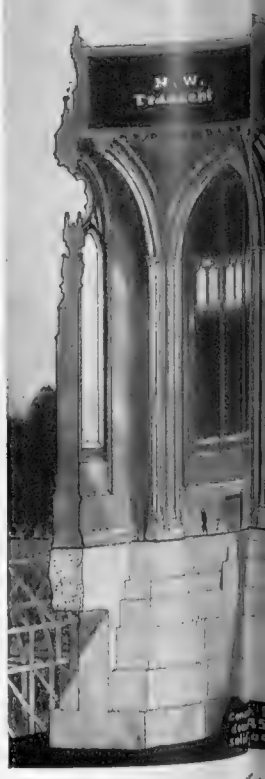
THE ROAD BENEATH THE MERSEY: A view of the recently completed tunnel, which will be known as Queensway. Note the lighting system specially arranged to prevent glare. There is room for four lines of traffic



AS IT WILL LOOK ONE [illegible] which has recently be[illegible]

Liverpool has always shown itself to be a wide-awake and progressive city, and its enterprise in building a new tunnel beneath the Mersey bears ample testimony to this.

In the business world time means money, and the saving that will be effected by commercial vehicles using the tunnel instead of the ferry is likely to be considerable. Throughout next week the city will be en fête.

On Sunday the celebrations will, fittingly, begin with a festival service in the cathedral which will be attended by the Lord Mayor and numerous civic and religious bodies.

On Monday evening decorated cars depicting the activities of the various municipal departments will process through the streets, and on the following evening the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board and the various trades and industries of the city will give their own displays.

At twelve o'clock on Wednesday the King will declare open "Queensway" (the new tunnel), and his speech and those of the Lord Mayor and the Bishop of Liverpool will be broadcast to the nation.

On the following days there will be more processions, each depicting some phase of civic life, while further interest will be added to this crowded week by the visit of a destroyer to the Mersey.

ROYAL TOUR

the King and Queen Will See in Liverpool

THE SHORT ROUTE TO BIRKENHEAD: The northern entrance to the Mersey Tunnel in the heart of Liverpool's business quarter. On the extreme left is the beacon which will illuminate the approach

WHERE GATHER SHIPS OF MANY NATIONS: An aerial view of the Prince's Landing Stage, where Atlantic and other liners embark their passengers, and of the Liverpool Ferry Station. Drivers of vehicles will now be able to save the time which would be spent on the cross-river journey to Birkenhead by using the new tunnel. The "skyscraper" towering in the centre is the Royal Liver Building

The great central tower of Liverpool Cathedral, work on the lower section of which is now in progress. Beneath it will be a vast central space with the highest interior vaulting of any ecclesiastical building in the world

A MASTERPIECE IN THE MODERN GOTHIC MANNER: A view of one of the transepts of Liverpool Cathedral. When completed this great edifice will tower high above the city and provide a landmark for miles around

WHEN STUMPS WERE SLOPING AND BATS WERE CURVED: A cricket match on Broadhalfpenny Down, Hambledon, Hampshire in 1777. In those days breeches and top hats were the regulation costume, spectators were few, and the umpires and scorers were sombrely clad in frock coats and top boots. The curved bats seen in this picture are said to have been an evolution of the club employed in the ancient Irish game of "hurley." They were all made in one piece and continued to be used, although in an ever-decreasing degree, right into the nineteenth century

GENTLEMEN v. PLAYERS: A detail from a picture of a match at Brading, Isle of Wight. Curved bats are again in evidence, the bowling is under-arm, and the wickets have only two stumps. In 1817 it was definitely decided that three stumps should be used

ANOTHER MATCH AT HAMBLEDON, "THE CRADLE OF ENGLISH CRICKET": Th[illegible] cricket was becoming general, and international contests were about t[illegible] head-gear had, except in the case o[illegible]

CRICKET HISTORY IN PICTURES

An Exhibition at the Tate Gallery of Works from the Collection of Sir Jeremiah Colman, Bt.

WHEN WICKETS AND HATS WERE HIGH: A detail from a coloured lithograph of a cricket match at Newcastle-on-Tyne. The fielders are in white clothes and white top hats, but the umpire favours more sombre attire

picture is reproduced from an oil painting made by John Ritchie in 1855, and differs very considerably from the earlier work shown above. This was the time when county begin. The crouching attitudes of the fieldsmen indicate that the game was no longer the leisurely affair that it had been in the eighteenth century, while more sensible the umpires, superseded the top hats of the earlier period. The scorer, surrounded by a few spectators, is seen seated on a beer-barrel

WHEN CRICKET WAS IN ITS INFANCY: An oil painting, possibly by Paul Sandby, of a match in progress at Kenfield Hall, Petham, near Canterbury, in 1780. It is now on exhibition in the Tate Gallery together with other cricketing subjects from the collection of Sir Jeremiah Colman. On the right horsemen are seen casually riding across the field, presumably followed by a beggar, while the two umpires are carrying bats. At this period the scorers cut notches on sticks to record the runs, and the wickets looked more like croquet hoops

THE ENGLAND XI: A picture from Sir Jeremiah Colman's collection which probably dates from the second quarter of the nineteenth century. It includes such Surrey stalwarts as William Lillywhite, Fuller Pilch, and N. Felix

Cricket Through the Centuries

The Status of the Umpire

A crowd of interesting points concerning the procedure of early cricket suggest themselves by a study of the fascinating collection of cricket pictures and prints now on exhibition at the Tate Gallery. One of the most interesting concerns the status of the umpire. In all the earlier examples the umpires are represented as carrying bats. There is no reference to the reason for this in the catalogue of the pictures. In a print which lies before us showing the Royal Academy Club playing in Marylebone Field, the two batsmen are resting upon the bats, but this is not the case with the umpires in the pictures exhibited at the Tate. Judging by their dress the umpires were men of some social standing. They are shown in the waisted and skirted coats worn by the gentry of the period, or are seen wearing tail coats and top boots. These men were possessed of very great authority on the field, judging by the *Laws of the Noble Game of Cricket*, published by John Wallis in 1809 (a copy of which is in the Colman Collection). Here it is stated that "the umpires are the sole judges of fair and unfair play and all disputes shall be determined by them." The reader will note that they are the *sole* judges and that there is no limit to the nature of the disputes which they can settle. Under the revised laws of cricket, the duties of an umpire were precisely defined in many directions, but in Law 48 the old status of the umpires as being "the sole judges of fair or unfair play" was taken for granted. The actual phrase is retained (1936). To-day, the umpire is clad in white to symbolize the character of the inner man; we are informed on very high authority that these hawk-eyed men as a body are really most excellent fellows, carefully selected and tested for an exceptionally difficult job, and the very best men of their class.

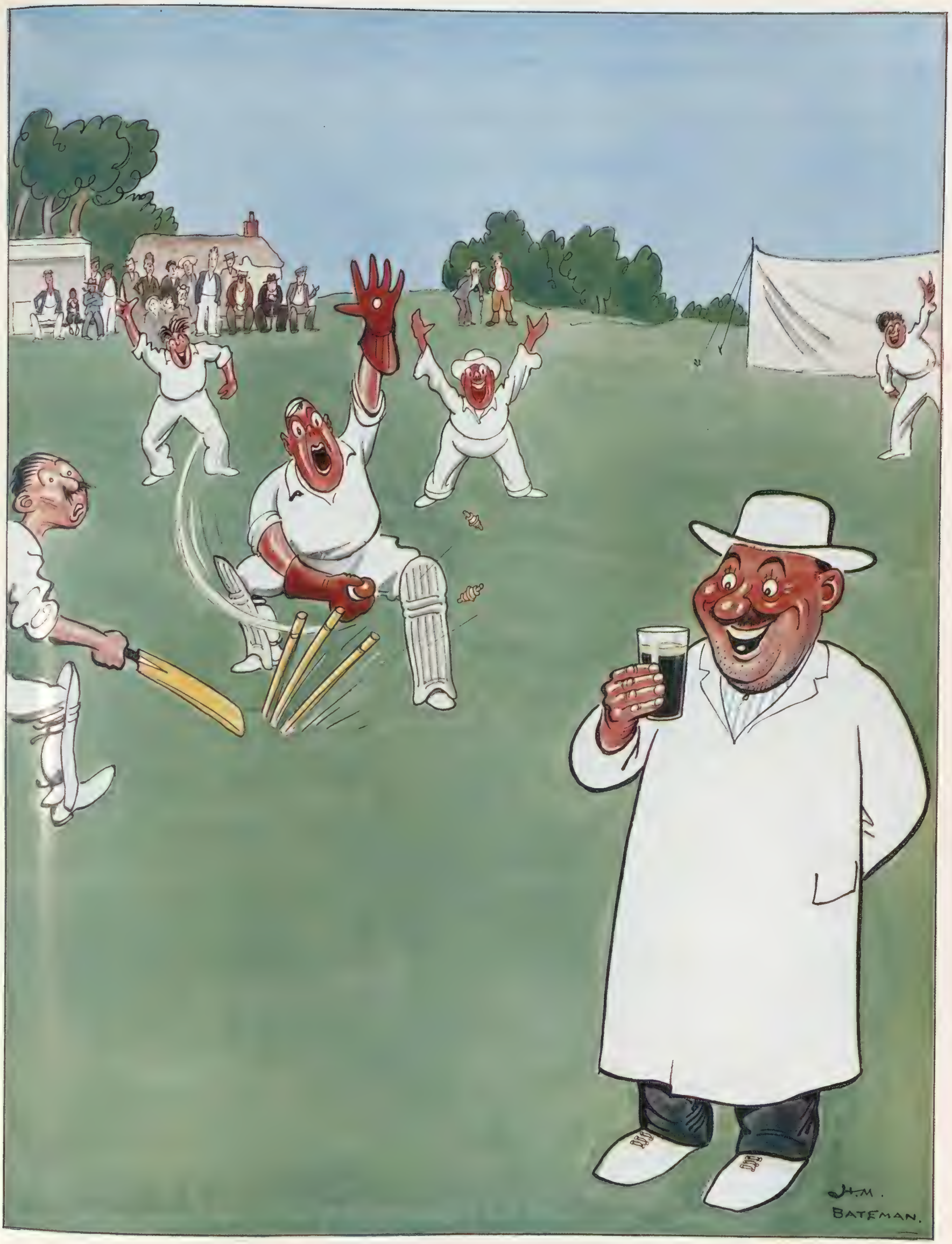
Two of the pictures here reproduced show matches at Hambledon which was the special home of cricket; its club long maintained great efficiency and popularity, and it is to Hambledon that the honour belongs of being the first to promote regular laws for the guidance of the game. These rules were drawn up by a committee of noblemen and gentlemen who met at the Star and Garter in Pall Mall in the year 1774. Among those present were the Duke of Dorset, Lord Tankerville, and Sir Horace Mann.

The distance between the stumps was the same as at present; the crease was cut in the turf, not painted; the stumps were 22 ins. in height; and there was only one bail, 6 ins. in length. Just about this time the epic poet of the sport, James Love, comedian, put forth a shilling quarto, dedicated to the Richmond Club. The poem opens with an exhortation to Britain to leave "puny Billiards" and all

(Continued on p. 84)

A CHARACTER: A coloured lithograph of William Davies, an old-time scorer for the Sussex County XI. Sitting at his little table in the sun evidently gave him a prodigious thirst

A MATCH AT MAIDSTONE IN 1783 between Kent and Lord Darnley's picked XI. Although the bowler is delivering the ball under-arm it will be noticed that most of the fieldsmen are packed on the off-side, and seemingly affording the batsman an opportunity for some free hitting to leg



WICKET KEEPER: "*How's that!*"
UMPIRE (with glass of GUINNESS): "Very Refreshing!"

Between 'hands'

No matter how the cards may fall, you can be sure of a 'handful of trumps' on one occasion (if not more) during the evening—provided you give the *correct* '*call*' . . . .

Schweppes

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

PERSONAL

A MARKSMAN'S REWARD: Miss Barbara Hanna decorating Sir Hugh Reid, of Glasgow, with the King's Prize for archery which was competed for at Edinburgh last week by the Royal Company of Archers

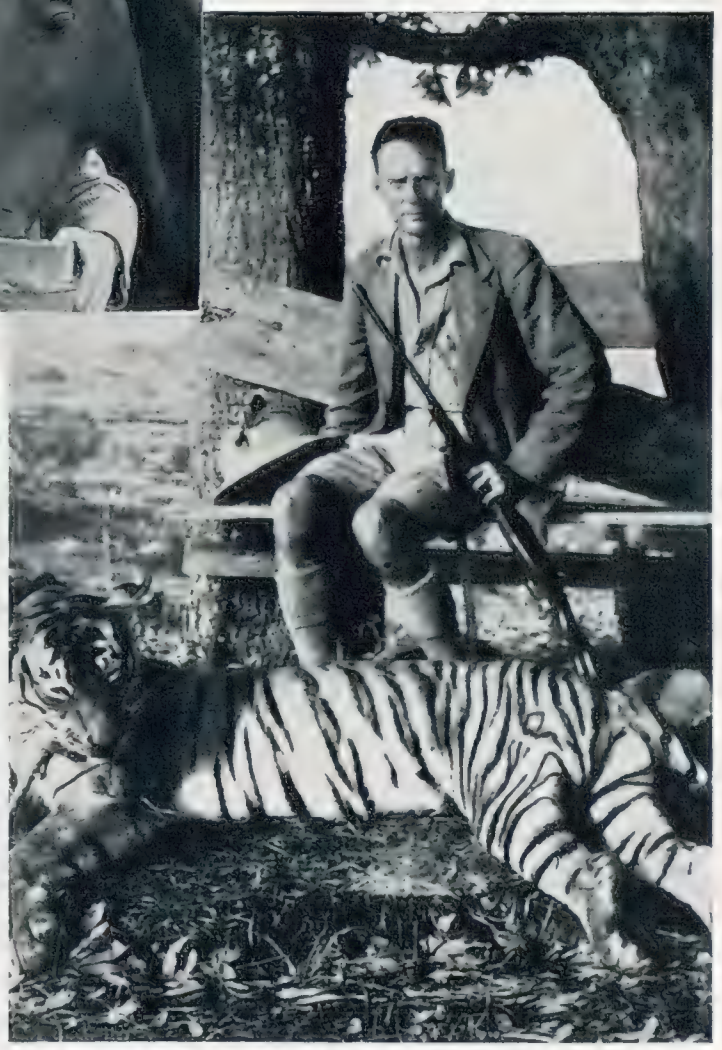
THE MAN WHO ROSE TO THE OCCASION: Hedley Verity, the Yorkshire bowler who took fifteen wickets in the second Test match, seen at his home at Pawdon with his wife and baby

THE WEDDING OF THE WEEK: Miss Rosemary de Rothschild and Mr. Denis Gomer Berry, second son of Sir Gomer Berry, who were married quietly at Marylebone Register Office

TOM WALLS THE VERSATILE: The well-known actor and trainer with two of his thoroughbreds. He will shortly appear in a new Ben Travers farce

A REMARKABLE ACHIEVEMENT: Mr. Frank Jones, who is handicapped through the loss of an arm, has astonished anglers by his skill with the rod and line. He is seen here with his latest catch, a 35-lb. salmon, which he landed below Llangollen Bridge on the River Dee

TO MEET THE DUCHESS: Miss Elizabeth Ricketts arriving for the Garden Party at St. James's Palace last week. During the course of the afternoon over fifty children presented purses to the Duchess of York to swell the funds of the National Council for Maternity and Child Welfare



THE KILLER KILLED: Captain Bruce Abbot with the man-eating tigress he shot recently in the Kumaon region of the United Provinces, India. It is said to have killed over 150 men, women, and children, and had for months terrorized the villages in the vicinity of its lair. After a long hunt Captain Abbot traced it to a deep ravine and accounted for it with a shot from fifty yards range. He received a reward of £18, but his expenses totalled over ten times this sum

A SUCCESSFUL HISTORICAL DRAMA: Robert Clive (Leslie Banks) and Margaret Maskelyne (Gillian Lind), the girl with whom he fell in love on seeing her portrait and whom he eventually married. A scene from *Clive of India* which is now running at the Savoy

PLAYS AND FI

A Plotless Play at Wyndham's that is Interesting and Full of Fine Work: Why the Judgment of the Galleryites is Sometimes at Fault

FORMLESSNESS in plays has been carried far. It is a pity that Ronald Mackenzie will be able to carry it no further, for he had mastered the idiom, added much of his personality to it, and was a dramatist who might have been numbered among the great ones. His death in a motor accident robbed us not only of the possibility of a string of fine plays, but, perhaps, of a new style in play-making.

He was only superficially Tchekovian; yet that is a good enough label for him, and it is only those who are superficial in their estimates who regard Tchekov as a man who wrote plays with no plots to them about depressing sets of people.

The Maitlands, Mackenzie's last play, is almost plotless. But its characters, though they find life cruel, are not depressing. It is not a funny play (a section of the first-night audience at Wyndham's seemed to regard it as a farce gone wrong and were stupidly rude) nor is it intended to be one. None-the-less, there is in it humour, which Tchekov had in plenty. If it had been better constructed, had some more care been expended on the present somewhat amateurish end to the second act, and did not let what solution there is depend on a meaningless attempted suicide, it would be a masterpiece. I have placed a number of "ifs" between this play and the masterpiece class, but not too many, I trust, to obscure the undoubted fact that it is interesting and full of fine work.

Mackenzie excels in the drawing of character. He draws real people who are not so real that they cease to have dramatic significance. There are tens of thousands of houses in little seaside towns which are as dull as the Maitland family frequently found among the diminishing few wh perform domestic service conscientiously.

And that is the play. Except that in the la few minutes Miss Joan Marion, having died und an operation at the Lyric Theatre in *Men in Whit* dramatically appears to qualify for another b shooting herself. There's a doctor in this play too, but as he only has to trot across the stage once without saying a word, his name was not on the programme. I thought he did his little piece very well. Miss Marion, by the way, was taking the part of Roger's returned and penitent wife. She shot herself because she was furious at her discovery that Roger was about to console himself—a way women have. Also, she failed to fire a fatal shot —another way women have. On Roger's elation that she will recover, the curtain falls. A further Act would, of course, have had to show her on the Riviera again, healed up and with another young man. But Roger discovered that tiny piece of joy

Mr. John Gielgud played Roger in the right vein of nervous, bored sarcasm, rising to tragedy as he read that letter from his wife. He was less good only in a long drunken duet with the major, which had about it a depressing suggestion of the clowning scenes in *The Tempest*; Mr. Frederick Lloyd, as the major, here acted and (apparently) drank him clean off the stage, perhaps because Mr. Gielgud's personality is hardly Bacchanalian and that bottle in some mysterious fashion seemed to cease to be a whisky bottle the moment it was passed to him.

Miss Catherine Lacey, who

CLIVE AND THE MUCH-DISCUSSED TREATY: With this he hoodwinked the grasping, Oriental scoundrel Omichard, and although history has censured him for forging someone else's signature on the document, the authors of *Clive of India* are inclined to take a more lenient view

believed them to be, and Heaven forbid that we should see on any stage the exact reproduction of any of them. A clever writer dramatizes dullness and the exasperation of tedium on "edgy" nerves; he does not reproduce it, for if he did he would exasperate the nerves of his audience and his play would follow the prevailing fashion of running a couple of nights.

We are shown Roger Maitland, a schoolmaster of thirty-five, with his ambitions gone, very little money, hating his work, his town, sometimes even his mother, a fussy old fool. He coaches the son of a retired major in order to send money to his young wife who is supposed to be an invalid on the Riviera. She is on the Riviera, but not an invalid and not alone, for she is living with another man and writes to tell Roger so.

Others who share in the general unhappiness are Phyllis, a pretty cousin, in love with Roger's actor-brother who takes all he can get and then sails to take a fat job in America without bidding her good-bye; the retired major, who proposes to Phyllis, is rejected, and retires hurt; Joan, Phyllis's best friend, whose love for Roger finds itself up against a brick wall in the form of Roger's love for his wife; old Mrs. Maitland, who is hard up and loathes it; the major's son, who is at an awkwardly sensitive age and imagines everyone is "getting at" him; and the general servant who is in that permanent state of anxious misery

HELEN CROSS who appears in *Living Dangerously* at the Strand Theatre. Her husband, Frank Gregory, is part-author of the play

BACKLESS BUT BECOMING: Marion Nixon in one of the gorgeous dresses she wears in the new Radio picture *Strictly Dynamite*

MS OF THE DAY

By Philip Page

played Phyllis, is now one of the very best of our younger actresses; she improves with every part she plays. Some of our younger actresses resent being told that they improve, having a fixed notion that they have, as it were, sprung perfect from the head of Zeus. If Miss Lacey has that view—and I am convinced she has not—I can only reply that I meant well. Jane May Whitty as old Mrs. Maitland was in her best vein and Mr. Stephen Haggard, the young man who played the lead so admirably in *The Laughing Woman*, suggested with uncanny force the pathetic booby-dom of awkward adolescence.

This Gallery Business.—The shouting of "rubbish" by some members of the gallery at the close of the *première* of this play, which, whatever it may or may not be, is overwhelmingly intelligent, has drawn some discussion as to gallery interruptions in general. The galleryites are in an impregnable position. A manager can, of course, close his gallery, but that he does not wish to do, for if the revenue is small the enthusiasm there is sometimes great, and he prefers to take the rough with the smooth. But no one can stop the galleryite shouting what he or she (it is usually a she) wishes to shout.

It has been pointed out that the part of the audience which pays the least shouts the loudest and that this inverse-proportion arrangement is in accordance with modern democracy, and is equally true of the far bigger world outside the theatre. As far as the theatre is concerned it does not work out exactly. I pay less than the galleryites for my seat—that is to say, I pay nothing, and get a free programme and sometimes the offer, mark the word "offer," of a free drink. But I do not make any noise at all, and I have never yet heard a critic rise in his stall and shout "rubbish!" or "Tallulah, you're wonderful!"

We have reached here, I think, three-quarters of the explanation of gallery hysteria—the fact that they do sit in the gallery and not in the stalls, and the gallery in most theatres is a deucedly uncomfortable spot. When a man, and more particularly a woman, has waited for hours in a queue, has climbed an unconscionable number of winding stairs, and has devoured an unconscionable number of windy bananas, temperers and excitement are apt to rise and critical faculties to run wild.

There is sometimes a tendency to make fools of the galleryites, to flatter them and to credit them with an acumen they do not for the most part possess. Actors and actresses are greeted by them with breezy familiarity, and badgered into signing autograph books and keeping up a sort of boisterous stage-door friendship. Some of them like doing this; others submit to it smilingly knowing that a brusque refusal might bring reprisals; there is not an actor or an actress who would not feel uncomfortable if this form of *camaraderie* were suddenly to cease.

But abundant credit is due to even the most obstreperous galleryites for their loyalty to the theatre in these days when the theatre needs every bit that it can get. There are millions of people who know every film star by name, who are "fans" of Greta this and Joan that, and who sit through nit-witted entertainments in plush armchairs, which cost them no more than the hard ledge near the roof on which the galleryite has to park his enthusiasm. I marvel at the determination of these slender pocketed theatre-goers—I was going to say humble theatre-goers, but they are the reverse of humble—to put up with many forms of discomfort rather than swerve in their allegiance to the Drama when a more meretricious and a cheaper form of entertainment never ceases to beckon to them.

What does it matter if their judgment is sometimes astray provided their loyalty remains firm? Besides, there are so many plays at which they shout "rubbish" which *are* rubbish. If in their lofty judgment-seat emotional hysteria, due in part to physical reasons, occasionally causes them to go off the rails a bit over some play of morbid subtlety, I can only suggest that they should miss the next first-night and, following the advice of David Copperfield's landlady, take to skittles, "vich is 'ealthy and diwerts the mind."

MAKING A FILM IN HER NATIVE COUNTY: Gracie Fields in *Sing As We Go*, the new picture which has been written for her by J. B. Priestley and which Basil Dean is directing for Associated Talking Pictures at Blackpool

ON THE ROAD TO STARDOM: Amy Snow, a telephone operator on the Central Exchange, Los Angeles, as she appeared in the annual performance given by the Californian Operators Dramatic Society. This picture was published extensively in the local Press, it caught the eye of a casting director, and to-day Miss Snow has a film contract

MASTERS OF EMOTIONAL EXPRESSION: S. Zehoval as Jeremiah and Z. Balban as Zedekiah in the Stefan Zweig play, which the Hebrew players are presenting at the Scala

SHOWS TO SEE

AMBASSADORS: George Grossmith in *The Country Wife.*

APOLLO: Elisabeth Bergner in *Escape Me Never!*

COMEDY: John Tilley and Dorothy Dickson in *The Private Road.*

CRITERION: Owen Nares in *Sixteen.*

DALY'S: Seymour Hicks in *Vintage Wine.*

DUCHESS: Edmund Gwenn in *Laburnham Grove.*

HAYMARKET: Marie Ney and Ian Hunter in *Touch Wood.*

HIS MAJESTY'S: Yvonne Printemps and Noel Coward in *Conversation Piece.*

LITTLE: Playlets by Galsworthy and Shaw.

ST. JAMES'S: Edith Evans and Cedric Hardwicke in *The Late Christopher Bean* (last weeks.)

VALERIE TAYLOR, the young actress who scored such a notable success in the film version of *Berkeley Square*, and who appeared last week in *La Prisonnière* at the Arts' Theatre Club

HALF-A-DOZEN FOR HOLIDAY READING: A selection of the latest novels

The Book World

Are Too Many Novels Being Published?

The book trade has just passed through the worst season within the memory of the oldest member. Mr. Hugh Walpole, who makes it his job to keep in touch with these things, states that it has been the most disappointing spring publishing season he can remember.

The publishers and booksellers say that trade, in the past six months, has fallen to what the Americans would call a "new low": Mr. Walpole is aware of that, and when he adds that he is disappointed he means that the quality has been below average.

Yet the statistics show that the number of new books published is increasing, that fiction in particular is mounting, and that in the month of May alone, in this year, a total of 534 books of fiction were published, of which 339 were new editions; which sets up a record.

It looks like a bad case of over-production, and the obvious answer to the book trade is to advise restriction. But it isn't so easy as all that. Any half-dozen of those new books might have been runaway best sellers, and the story might have been different. Mr. Walpole would have been excited instead of disappointed.

See how fiction dominates the publishing figures. Now the publishing of novels is largely a gamble: like almost everything else that caters for the public entertainment. No publisher can gauge accurately the public taste. If such a one existed he would quickly become a millionaire.

I BELIEVE that the overwhelming preponderance of the novel is bad for everybody. It has given the novel as a form, an importance in contemporary literature it should never enjoy. It drives other just as important, and some more important, forms into a subservient place in the current lists. The status and state of contemporary poetry is disgraceful; none but a quixotic publisher will look at a book of essays. Byron received £30,000 for one poem. Both Hazlitt and Lamb were essayists and lived by their writings. Yet a budding poet or essayist to-day must write a successful novel if he wishes so to live. Which is death to the poet, and does a doubtful amount of good to the novel.

(An interesting example is that of D. H. Lawrence, whose novels are stiff with technical faults. He had two things—a challenging philosophy, and a superb gift for description; without these he would have been a rank bad novelist. Yet when he knew that he was finished with novel writing and turned to his true medium he produced *The Ship of Death* (see *Last Poems*), which is surely destined for a place among the really great poems of the language. Another case in point is that of Richard Aldington, whose *Death of a Hero* was not a novel in the strict sense, and whose *Dream in the Luxembourg* is a long narrative poem of a worth far greater than those of his best-selling novels.)

YET THE best-selling book of the past six months has not been a novel. It has been and still is, J. B. Priestley's *English Journey*. This may surprise a lot of people, for Mr. Priestley's book was not written for entertainment. It will certainly survive 99 per cent. of the number of works of fiction mentioned above.

If you agree with me that the over-importance of the novel is a bad thing, you may also with me regard its over-production as a blessing in disguise. The public is (quite rightly) beginning to suspect the novel, and to wonder whether a new one is worth the average price of 7s. 6d. The publishers answer that the price is an economic one, and point to the several experiments that have been made in the past few years to produce new novels at a cheaper price, all of which have failed. They blame it on the public which (except in rare instances) does not *buy* new books in any quantities. (The exceptions are books like *All Quiet on the Western Front* and *The Good Companions*, which ran into big figures in their original editions, but which are very rare.)

By far the largest bulk of the books that are bought are cheap editions or second-hand copies. The British public has the habit of *borrowing* new books in far larger quantities than they buy them. Now, the borrowing habit tends to foster a lack of discrimination. People will get a book from the library "to see what it's like," but would never dream of paying 7s. 6d. for the experiment.

Then there is the fine old English habit known as "changing the book," and library assistants are well aware of the extent of it. In many cases theirs is the only advice which is sought, and who can blame them if that which they dish out are just those novels which are slow to move by other means?

A STRANGE CAREER: Lady Hester Stanhope in Arab dress. This unconventional woman, whose biography has been written by Joan Haslip and published by R. Cobden-Sanderson, was the daughter of a Jacobite earl, and a niece of William Pitt. Brought up in the secluded atmosphere of a Kentish manor, and courted and flattered by the London Society of her day, she renounced the Western world, and in 1813 was crowned Queen of the Arabs. For nearly thirty years she lived in a half-ruined castle on the heights of Mount Lebanon

So we come back to the publisher, whose object is to maintain or to increase his turnover, who has his overhead expenses to cover (and in some cases a printing plant to maintain, with machines that have to be "fed"). And in the competition among publishers, advertising plays a large, increasing and expensive part. Contrary to the general opinion, publishers do not advertise exclusively to sell their books; they do a lot of it to please their authors. One or two big firms have only to begin advertising on a large scale for authors to demand the same treatment from their own publishers. Most novelists, whether they admit it or not, are aiming at becoming best sellers: and when they are best sellers they always want to become better sellers. In their bid for public recognition they rightly think that advertising plays a considerable part. So with the average publisher the threat is always present that his best authors will go over to a firm that employs modern advertising methods.

Under these conditions it is obvious that keen competition is driving publishers more and more to an increased turnover. Now an edition of 1,000 copies of a novel sold at 7s. 6d. net will yield a publisher sufficient to cover expenses; and he will sell the bulk of these to the libraries. Quality plays little part in these transactions. About 5,000 new novels are published in a year at the present rate. The number of *good* novels written in a year seldom exceeds fifty. The rest are mediocre: too many of them are rank bad.

Who, then, can blame the average reader (that indefatigable library subscriber) if he tends to lump all fiction together and come to the very just conclusion that the average novel simply is not worth 7s. 6d. of his money? Small wonder that the real book-buying public is forsaking fiction for the more reliable non-fiction books.

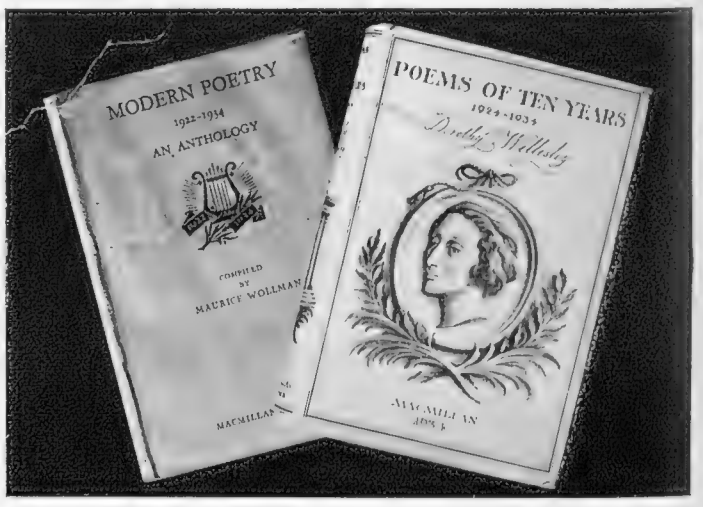
THERE ARE PEOPLE in the book trade who advocate the restriction of production; who even say that there are too many publishers as well as too many books. If books were like cakes of soap or tubes of tooth-paste there might be something in the argument, but they are not. There are too many people who might take Dr. Johnson's view (that whenever a new book was published he read an old one).

One fact emerges, and that is that the public demand for books is growing every day. The bulk of the output may be mediocre, or even bad, but every reader of a bad book is a potential reader of a good one. An unknown writer to-day has a better chance of immediate recognition than ever before.

And one other thing. Large quantities of books are at this moment being sold *outside* the ordinary channels of the trade, thereby proving that there is a considerable market somewhere, providing the price and the method of distribution are right.

I will venture two prophecies for the next few years. One is that the output of fiction will diminish and the other that the price of books generally will come down.

Vernon Fane.



MODERN VERSE: Two anthologies from Macmillan's

THE TEMPLE OF THE WINGLESS VICTORY

A Famous Monument on the Athenian Acropolis to be Re-constructed

DISASTER AVERTED: The beautiful temple of Athena Nike, or Wingless Victory, which was recently found by M. Nicholas Balanos, the well-known archæologist, to be in imminent danger of collapse on account of the crumbling of the bastion upon which it stands. It is now being taken down and later will be re-constructed on new foundations

A TIMELY DISCOVERY: It was this loosened rock which led M. Balanos to suspect that the foundations of the temple were crumbling

The Temple of Athena Nike, one of the lesser monuments of the Athenian Acropolis, was begun in 450 B.C. and probably finished during the Peloponnesian War. In 1687 this beautiful Ionian building of Pentelic marble was demolished by the Turks, and it was not until 1835, a year after Athens became capital of free Greece, that it was re-erected by some German archæologists. The frieze running round the entire building is ornamented in one part with scenes from the battle of Plataea, the famous engagement in which the Greeks routed the Persian hosts, while the remarkable reliefs in the style of Phidias on the parapet are comparable to the finest gems of the Parthenon. Lovers of classic art will be relieved to hear that the temple is to be made safe for all time. The work of re-construction could be in no better hands

THE TOLL OF TIME: A view of the western end of the temple. In several places it will be noticed that there are quite large gaps in the stones forming the foundations

Left—M. NICHOLAS BALANOS, who for some years past has been superintending the setting up of the columns of the Parthenon, was the first to discover the danger threatening the temple of Athena Nike

MEN OF THE GALLANT 24th: This picture, of which there are very few in existence, shows the officers of the 24th Regiment of Foot (now the South Wales Borderers) when they were stationed near Secunderabad, India, in 1873. Six years later the regiment was in Africa and took part in the Zulu War. Many of the men shown here must have fought in the disastrous battle of Isandhlwana, and one of them, Lieutenant Bromhead, received the V.C. for his heroic defence of Rorke's Drift. The key to this interesting group appears below

RORKE'S DRIFT COMMEMORATED

The Most Famous Episode in the Zulu War Re-enacted at the Northern Command Tattoo

THE defence of Rorke's Drift, the outstanding incident of the Zulu War of 1879 and one of the most truly heroic actions in the history of the British Army, is being re-enacted at the Northern Command Tattoo in Newcastle-on-Tyne this week.

The engagement, which from start to finish was a fight against almost overwhelming odds, took place on the night of January 22, 1879, when eighty men of the 24th Regiment of Foot (now the South Wales Borderers) successfully held this vital position against over 3,000 Zulus. Thus the Zulu Impis, who on the day before had won an overwhelming victory at Isandhlwana, were kept in check.

This effort, coupled with subsequent successes by Colonel Pearson near Ekowe and Colonel Evelyn Wood near the Inkanyana Mountain, prevented the Zulus from over-running the colony of Natal. The bulk of the credit, however, must go to the men of the 24th who held their ground at Rorke's Drift. But for them the war might have taken a very different course; certainly it would have been longer and many more lives would have been lost. As it was, the temporary respite allowed time for reinforcements to arrive from Britain, and by the summer of 1879 Ulundi was fought and won, Cetewayo, the Zulu chief, was captured and exiled, and the war was over.

THE following is a detailed account of the engagement:—

On the afternoon of January 22, Lieutenant Gonville Bromhead and Lieutenant Chard, the two young officers who had been left in charge of the Drift with seventy-eight men, received intimation of the disastrous defeat at Isandhlwana. Soon afterwards the Zulu Impis came in sight, and realizing that an attack was imminent, a barricade was hastily thrown up, the men using for this purpose a number of bags, biscuit tins, and other objects belonging to the commissariat stores. Soon after dark the Zulus advanced, and from then onwards fought the whole night with infuriated zeal. Six times they got inside the barricade, six times they were driven out at the point of the bayonet. Attack followed attack, sometimes with hardly a pause.

Several of the Zulus, reckless of their lives, seized the muzzles of the British rifles, but it was of no avail. At dawn the attacking force withdrew, leaving behind them about 400 dead. As a result of their heroic action Lieutenant Bromhead, who appears in the group on this page, Lieutenant Chard and several others were decorated with the Victoria Cross.

Who They Were

Front row, sitting: Left to right—Lieut. Pope, Captain Logan, Lieut. Penn-Symons, not known. **Second row, sitting:** not known, Lieut. Bromhead (hero of Rorke's Drift), Lieut.-Colonel Ross, Lieut. Harvey, Captain Church, not known, Lieut. Williams. **Third row, standing:** Major C. de Epinay Barclay, Captain Chamberlin, Lieuts. Banks, Banister, Dempster (Adjutant), Sugden, not known. Others in the group are: Major Crawford, Captains Sawbridge, Lee, Airey, and Hallowes; Lieuts. Rainforth, Younghusband, Holt Bennett, Hawkins, Hoskyns, and Chauncey.

The identities of these officers have beeen established by Lieut.-Colonel F. Bourne, O.B.E., and Mr. J. Gittins.

AFTER BATTLE: The survivors greeting the arrival of a relief column after the engagement at Rorke's Drift. Towards the left of the picture can be seen the temporary barricade from which the handful of eighty men of the 24th Regiment resisted 3,000 Zulus throughout the night of January 22, 1879. On the right is the hospital which the Zulus set on fire. *(From a contemporary picture in the "Illustrated London News")*

HATS FOR HOLIDAYS

Three Distinctive Styles in White Linen and Natural Panama

There is a grand devil-may-care air about the natural panama hat on the left. It is a Rose Valois model, and the wide sweep of the brim is in piquant contrast with the low, square crown. Natural and brick-coloured gros grain ribbons are threaded through one another at the front. A perfect hat for spectator-sports wear since it has a nicely casual air and would look equally well with a tailored linen suit or a neat silk or cotton frock.

ee oblong tiers across the back of the crown g a new line to the simple white slub linen h on the right. Stitched in a contrasting shade a trimmed with a petersham ribbon, it is made in everal other colours and in all sizes, and it costs 2 at Henry Heath, of 105, Oxford Street, W.

On the left is a Breton sailor hat in white linen with a stitched brim and a narrow gaily striped band appearing above the edge of the white gros grain ribbon round the crown. It costs only 12s. 9d. at Whiteleys, and is worn with a Deval crêpe dress in cherry and white stripes. The sleeves are cut in one with the yoke, which buttons down the back, and the skirt is cut on the cross. It costs 69s. 6d., and is also made in blue and white.

The Petrol World

THE FINAL LINK: The last section of the North Circular Road, London's biggest traffic artery, which was opened recently by the Hon. Oliver Stanley. This portion runs between Harrow Road, Willesden, and Hangar Lane, Ealing. The entire road, which is fifteen miles long, has been built at a cost of £1,250,000

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and "Sphere" Motoring Correspondent)

Having possessed two 20–25-h.p. Rolls-Royces within the past eighteen months, I rather fancied I knew fairly well the capabilities and the niceties of this famous make of car. During a recent week-end, however, I was loaned a 40–50-h.p. Phantom II, with a Continental saloon body, and I then began to appreciate that there is quite a distinct difference between the two models that emanate from Derby. The smaller of the two is just as much a Rolls-Royce as the latter, but a larger and heavier car must always handle differently from a smaller model. When both cars are Rolls-Royces the comparison between the two is definitely interesting.

For the first 100 miles behind the wheel of the 40–50-h.p. car I felt that the steering and the controls were heavy and not quite so neat as those to which I was accustomed. Unfortunately, too, the first 40 miles or so of my journey was from Weybridge, on one side of London, to Brentwood on the other. As anyone knows who has travelled over this particular route, a driver never really gets free from London at any moment. Once the open road towards Chelmsford and Colchester was reached, then the car began to make its proper impression upon me. I have never before driven a motor-vehicle that could eat miles so quickly and at the same time so silently and so comfortably. It was the simplest thing in the world to cruise along at 70 m.p.h., and I warrant that if the speedometer's face had been covered over, no one in the car, not even the driver, would have guessed the speed was in excess of 45 m.p.h. There was an entire absence of fuss, rattle, or shake, and I cannot believe that in any other car in the world one obtains such a sense of security at high speeds. It is a true sense, too, not an imaginary one, for the car holds the road like a leech, its brakes are progressive, definite, and efficient, and are operated to their utmost capacity by a ridiculously light touch of the pedal.

For years motoring journalists who have been privileged to drive Rolls-Royces for test purposes have continued to exclaim that any further improvement to the chassis seemed impossible, but the impossible has happened, for on this latest car the manufacturers have fitted a hand-controlled system for adjusting the shock absorbers to the prevailing conditions. Unless the actual device has been operated, most people would imagine that there would be stiffish controls to manipulate, but such is not the case. A tiny lever scarcely an inch long fixed in the centre of the steering wheel, is the sole control for the four shock absorbers. The driver's little finger can move this lever easily from one end of its travel to the other, and in so doing the suspension of the car is completely altered. At one extreme, it possesses the suspension which one associates with the well-sprung town carriage, whilst at the other limit the driver finds that he is controlling a car which has that stiffish springing so desirable in a fast-moving vehicle. Adjustable shock absorbers we have had before, but nothing so easily controlled or so efficient has been produced previously.

To me the all-out speed of a car leaves me cold, but one with rapid acceleration and the ability to maintain the speed set—up-hill and down-hill, appeals to me as the car most suited to the needs of the day. By driving this car about 300 miles, I satisfied myself that although the 20–25-h.p. model is a Rolls-Royce in every way, it can never give quite that same delight to its fortunate owner as can the larger vehicle. I am not suggesting that the former is inferior, for that is not the case, but the larger engine and the bigger, heavier car really do make a difference.

TOURING ABROAD: A Morris Ten-Four in the broad open country characteristic of the Moselle district in Northern France. The 33 m.p.g. which this car covers should prove a great boon on the long Continental roads where petrol stations are few and far between

I must confess that I take very little interest in politics and I think that if I were suddenly asked which Party has my support I would find it very difficult to give a satisfactory answer. Being an Irishman I consider it my prerogative to be against whatever Government is in power as a matter of general principle. Coming down to the particular I am certainly fed up with our present rulers on several matters connected with their motoring legislation. Only the other day I read that some unfortunate motorist was prosecuted in Oxford for exceeding the 30 m.p.h. limit which at present rules in and around the famous University town. Apparently the only evidence offered in support of the prosecution was that of a constable, who merely gave it as his opinion that the car was travelling at a speed in excess of the limit. No corroborative evidence was offered and the police pressed for a conviction, pointing out that under the Ministry of Transport order, which had granted Oxford this speed limit, the unsupported word of a constable was sufficient evidence. The Magistrate's Clerk was taken by surprise when he learnt of this state of affairs and uttered a remark which showed quite unmistakably that that kind of law did not please him, and it says much for the sound commonsense of the Magistrate that the case was dismissed.

The next day I read that a well-known baronet was summoned for making a third line of traffic on the Kingston by-pass. If there is not room for a third line of traffic, then whoever designed the by-pass should be summoned and not the unfortunate driver. On the other hand, if the road is wide enough for three lanes of traffic it is news to me that a driver is committing an offence in utilizing a portion of a road which has been constructed for his use. It may, of course, be that the reports which appeared are not quite accurate and there may be some other factor which has to be taken into account.

These are just examples of the state of affairs at the moment. But I suppose we must look upon the conditions now as paradise when compared with what they will be when the new Road Traffic Act is put into operation. I think the best piece of work our present Government has done within the last year has been to move the Minister of Transport to a new office. Whatever the new Minister may be like I refuse to believe that he could be as ignorant of motoring matters as the one who has just left office.

At the moment I regret I do not know any of the Chiefs in the Ministry, but it would not surprise me if I learnt that not a solitary one of them has had any practical motoring experience to his credit. At any rate, during the time of the General Strike, that was the position of affairs, for when I was asked to go there at that time of stress, with Lord Howe, that information was given to me. The present state of the roads and the appalling casualty list can only be dealt with satisfactorily by someone who not only has driven on the roads quite a lot, but by one who sits behind the steering wheel all the time.

From the reports appearing in the Press of the passage of the Road Traffic Bill through the House of Commons we learnt that it is the intention of the police to trap motorists, not by the old method of hiding behind telegraph poles and climbing up trees, but by following behind a suspected driver in a police car and noting the speed from the latter's speedometer. I really do hope that the A.A. or the R.A.C. will not allow this method of obtaining convictions to go unchallenged. A really vigorous policy should be thought out and adopted by these big organizations to challenge these police methods, and even if it costs thousands of pounds to do it, it would be money well spent. When trapping was in progress in the Irish Free State about five or six years ago the Royal Irish Automobile Club pursued a very active policy and in many cases had summonses quashed because of irregularities in the evidence offered by the police. In some cases a measured furlong was found to be short, and in others the watches were proved to be inaccurate.

I suppose motorists are the most long-suffering class of the community, but there is always a limit up to which they will remain silent. How near we are to that point I cannot say, but I am strongly of the opinion that if someone well known in motoring were to launch a scheme, whereby motorists could register, for an annual subscription of one shilling, and then to organize the members into more or less separate entities in Parliamentary divisions, we could make the voice of motoring heard to advantage. The body, of course, would have to be entirely non-political, except on matters definitely dealing with motoring. There is not a motor owner, or motor bicycle owner, in the land who would not gladly give a shilling to some responsible organization if he thought that for that payment his protest could be, not only registered, but utilized.

Cheap as the Ford V8 has been in the past, the Ford Motor Company has just announced a very substantial reduction in the various models of this chassis. The reductions vary from £5 in the price of one chassis to £55 in the complete car known as the Imperial Limousine de Luxe.

A RELIC OF THE PAST AND A CAR OF TO-DAY: Inspecting an old charcoal-burner's oven, in the New Forest at Ringwood. The car is a 40/50-h.p. Rolls-Royce fitted with Barker coachwork

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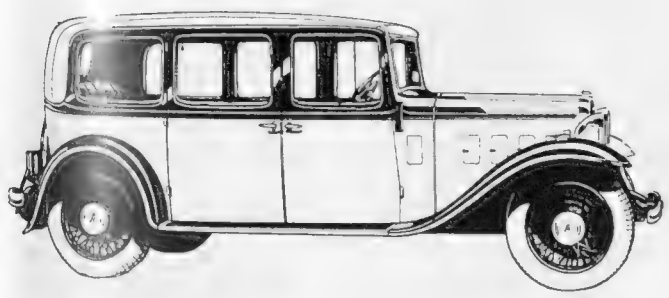

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THE TELFORD CENTENARY

The Engineering Genius who Designed the Menai Bridge

TELFORD'S DESIGN FOR LONDON BRIDGE: Although the scheme for a single-arch structure of iron was ridiculed by many, a Parliamentary Committee approved it and the work was actually begun. It was never finished, however, on account of difficulties connected with the making of the necessary approaches. Telford used Gothic detail in his design

THE recent Telford Exhibition at the Institution of Civil Engineers, Westminster, commemorated the death of the great bridge-building genius which took place a century ago. Thomas Telford, like his contemporary Rennie, of Waterloo Bridge fame, was at once an engineer and an architect. Both these men could "think" in metal and in stone, and both were master craftsmen. Telford was born in 1757 at Westerkirk, a secluded hamlet in Eastern Dumfriesshire. His father, who was a shepherd, died a few months after his birth, and the boy was brought up by his mother who earned a scanty living by occasional farm work.

At fourteen young Telford began to learn the trade of a stonemason, and when he was twenty-five he went to London where he obtained employment under Sir William Chambers, who was then building Somerset House. His progress must have been rapid, as two years later he was appointed to superintend the erection of the Resident Commissioner's House at Portsmouth. Here he had opportunities, which he did not neglect, of watching dockyard operations of various kinds, a knowledge of which afterwards proved useful to him. From then on, Telford rose rapidly; and as engineer of the Ellesmere Canal, projected to connect the Mersey, Dee, and Severn, he proved his ability up to the hilt.

His greatest achievement, however, was his design for the Menai Bridge, which was based on the suspension principle, of which few English engineers had then made any practical trial. Telford's application of it at Menai was on an enormous scale, and it is little wonder that when the bridge was completed he was hailed as the greatest engineer of his time.

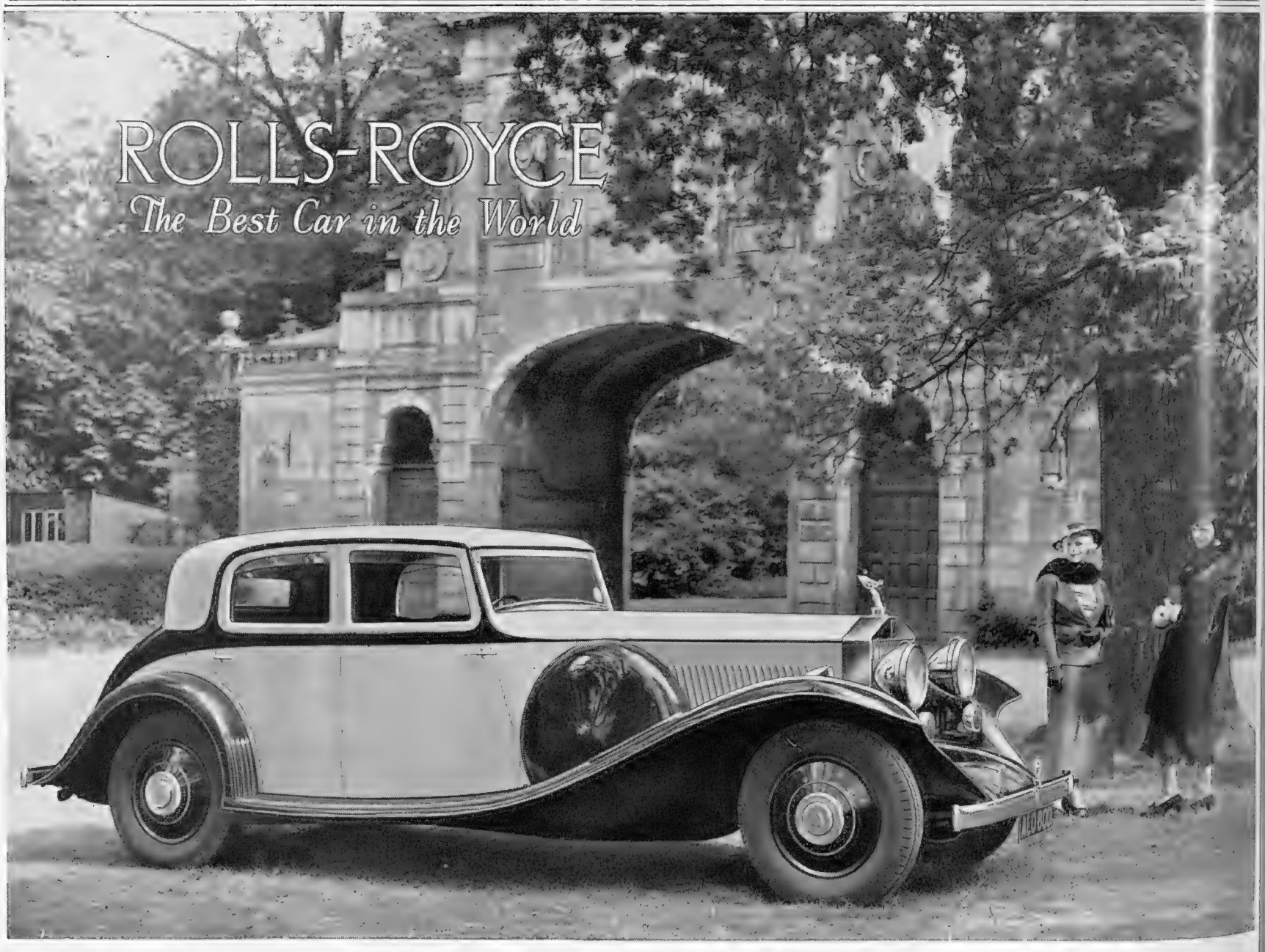
In the years that followed he achieved success after success, building canals, bridges, and harbours in all parts of the country. Also he was one of the founders of the society which became the Institution of Civil Engineers. As its first President he sedulously fostered its development.

When Telford died in 1834 he was buried in Westminster Abbey. It was found that he had left comparatively little money, but this did not occasion great surprise as he belonged to a type who thought more of work than of financial reward. Indeed, there were many occasions when, in the public interest, he gave his services free.

THE BRIDGE OVER THE SPEY AT FOCHABERS: A typical example of Telford's work in stone

THE TELFORD MEMORIAL near the great engineer's birthplace at Westerkirk

GRACE AND SIMPLICITY: Another Scottish bridge built by Telford who did much to improve road communication in the Highlands



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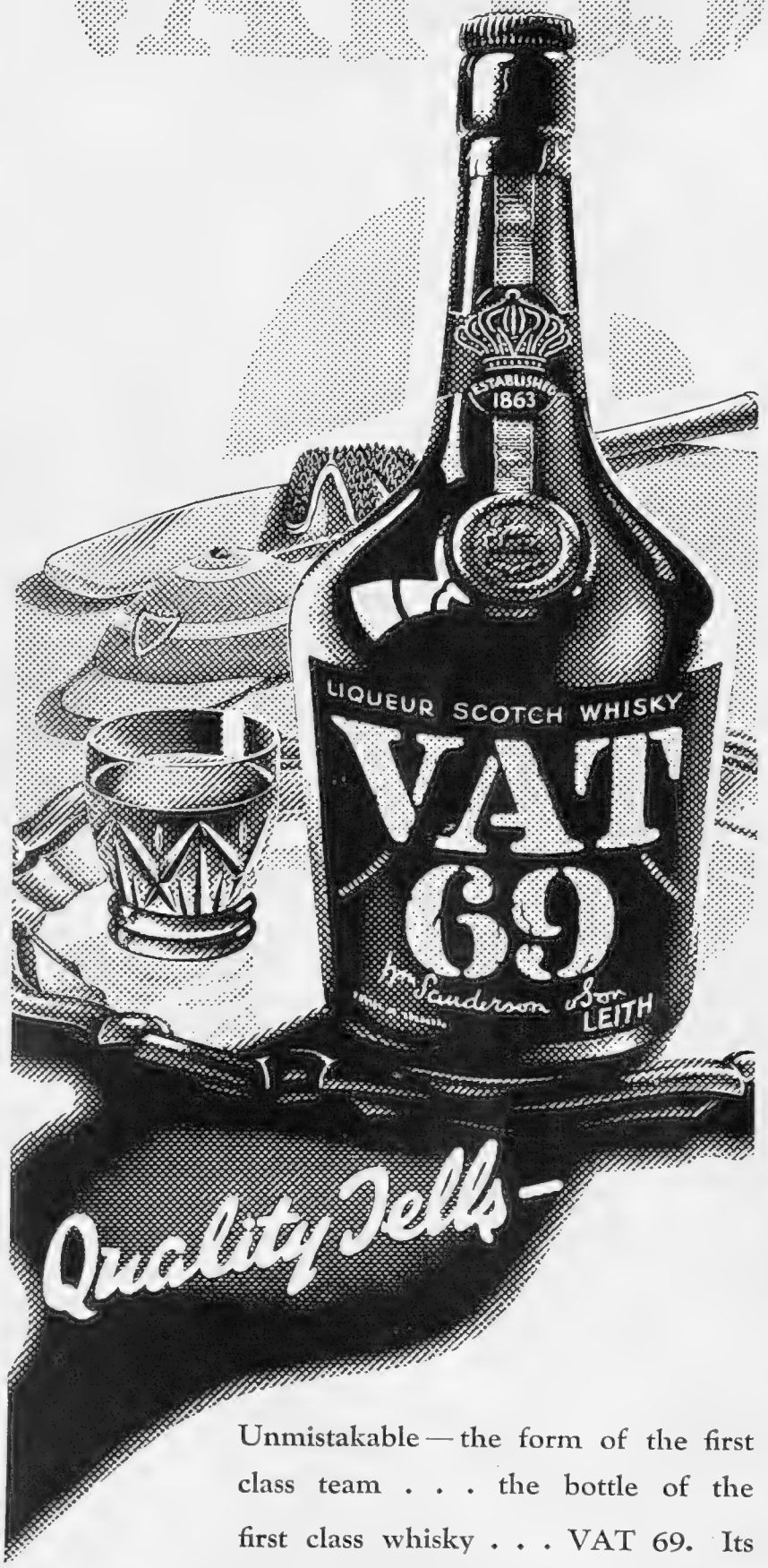

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FRENCHMEN OF DESTINY

(Continued from p. 58)

to *descendre dans la rue*), just what great industrial and maritime centres like Lille and Marseilles do will matter a very great deal. And what do we precisely see in these parts? Roger Salengro, as extreme Socialist boss of the northern metropolis, which really merges into a vast city of nearly 2,000,000, is already almost as good as his own local Constitution—if he does condescend at times to take his seat in the Chamber.

As for Simon Sabiani (just "Simon" to every Marseillais), his exploits as boss of that near-Chicago would make an article in themselves. No one dare say a word to this one-eyed Corsican who sprang from nowhere into power and affluence and who openly consorts with the local underworld. Simon has no profession save that of being Simon. Salengro is a journalist in his off-moments. They are both forty-four. I include their names in all seriousness. Each wields an altogether exceptional influence and the history of France is strewn with what such provincial power can turn to. (Simon, by the way, is Deputy-Mayor but one never hears of his medical chief. Simon also sits in the Chamber.)

DEL SARTE created the King's Hawkers twenty-seven years ago and is still the soul of this dyed-in-the-light-blue cohort. He is a fine sculptor and recently made a terrific appearance before the Stavisky Commission when he told that (entirely) Republican room exactly where it got off—in brains, in morals, in everything. VIVE LE ROI! Yes, but Del Sarte only just creeps into this list. The truth is that the *Camelots* have receded progressively as the new Ligeurs tread the scene. Not many are thinking of exiled Jean III to-day. And as for Maurras and Daudet, they are literary artists of the first quality but entirely done and impossible as architects of any future. I have been unable to come by one new Royalist name these stirring times.

Bertrand de Jouvenel, much Lefter than a famous father, is the most prominent post-War product (I mean he was a child in the War), and has brains and "guts." He is seeking to rally youth around him through his paper, *La Lutte*, and with some success. He is an internationalist and, as you may imagine, in the van as protagonist of the war of the generations. He wants the old men back in their armchairs and smoking caps. Barthou says: "There are old men who are young and young men who are old." De Jouvenel retorts: "Why are the old men of seventy-five in power? Because those of eighty are dead!" And that goes down well, too, albeit its origin is—Berlin.

Luchair and de Jouvenel are trying to weld a common Youth Front, instead of their all fighting as their papas did.

With young Bertrand must go the brilliant publicist Jean Luchair, conductor of the new *Notre Temps* whose sub-line is *Daily of the Generations of Fire and After-War*. Luchair was behind the recent assemblage of the States-General of Youth. Rather grandiloquent? Maybe so. But also important in its eager young way because those juvenile States-General—which are to meet generally and trounce their grandparents (please note the "grand"; they take us of the War generation in with them)—reconciled such youthful extremes as Coty's *Jeunesses Patriotes* and disciples of the 1793 Rights of Man. The youths voted unanimously such items as the end of capitalism and control of the Press and of armaments, though what Coty may have said later in relation to the two first votes, can only be conjectured.

There are still several important names.

Jean Ybarnégaray, a fifty-one-year-old Basque lawyer and M.P. of the Right, earned renown in 1917 for coming back from the trenches and telling the Chamber, in secret (!) session, of the appalling state of affairs in the wake of the Nivelle offensive. In fact, the young officer as good as got that Generalissimo removed after the shortest command in modern war. Ybarnégaray, who is touring the country like most of our band, stands for authority, authority, authority, and for cleanliness in public life. He is himself straight, and that and his War-time piece of daring do him no harm. He is also a good speaker and a likeable person.

Georges Scapini, war-blinded deputy for the Parc Monceau district, is included because of the use he has been able to make of his disability as lecturer and firer of reactionary sentiment, and because he is really good, has ideas on economics and finance.

EUGÈNE FROT, forty-one-year-old lawyer, for a long time went in fear of his life after, as Minister of the Interior, accepting responsibility for the February 6 business, of which there has been much, much too much, ado. Frot is a leading light of the all-puissant Grand Orient Lodge, and is said to imagine himself (up to a point) in the rôle of Robespierre. The Belgians stopped him going over to lecture the other day. He is dynamite pretty nearly everywhere he goes. Frot believes immensely in Frot.

Finally, M. Rivollet is the very important non-deputy in the Government, as Minister of Pensions. He *is* the old soldiers who are henceforward, and to the tune of 3,000,000, gate-crashing into French political life. They intend to put over "a profound transformation of the Republic from 1875 to 1934, and whatever the consequences." They shall be party-less. They shall have all their cuts back and so shall the functionaries. The old soldiers cry public cleanliness and order and a financial and economic break with existing formulas, and love of peace via arbitration, security, disarmament, and the League. As 90 per cent. of the stars above cited were of the War generation, too, these old soldier bodies are indubitably about to cut much ice, yet one cannot resist the notion that at present much of the talk represents vague groping, somewhere in the Centre, after wraiths of once-cherished ideals.

As with the Royalists, there is a notable absence so far of fresh Communist stars. The most talked of, Jacques Doriot, thirty-six-year-old former mechanic and Mayor and Deputy of the vital "red" suburb of St. Denis, who has just been expelled for no being beholden enough unto Moscow. As things stand, Doriot alone appears to warrant inclusion among the Rights and Lefts of all shading as above submitted—he is, indeed, more important than several.

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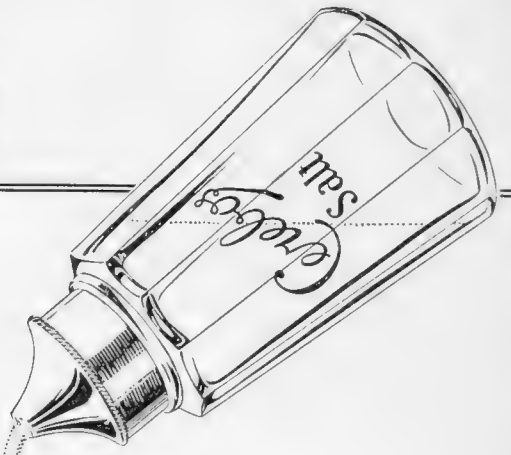

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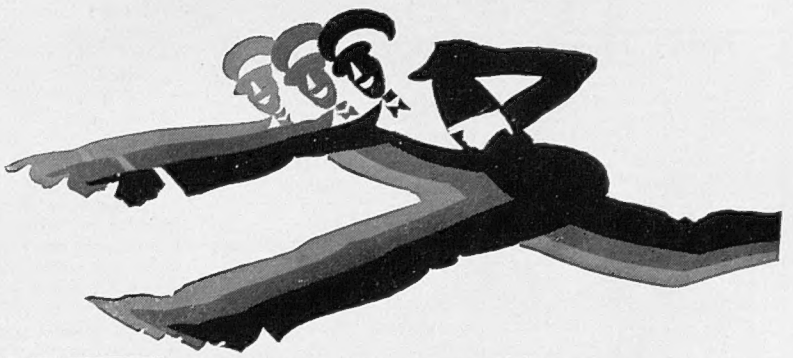

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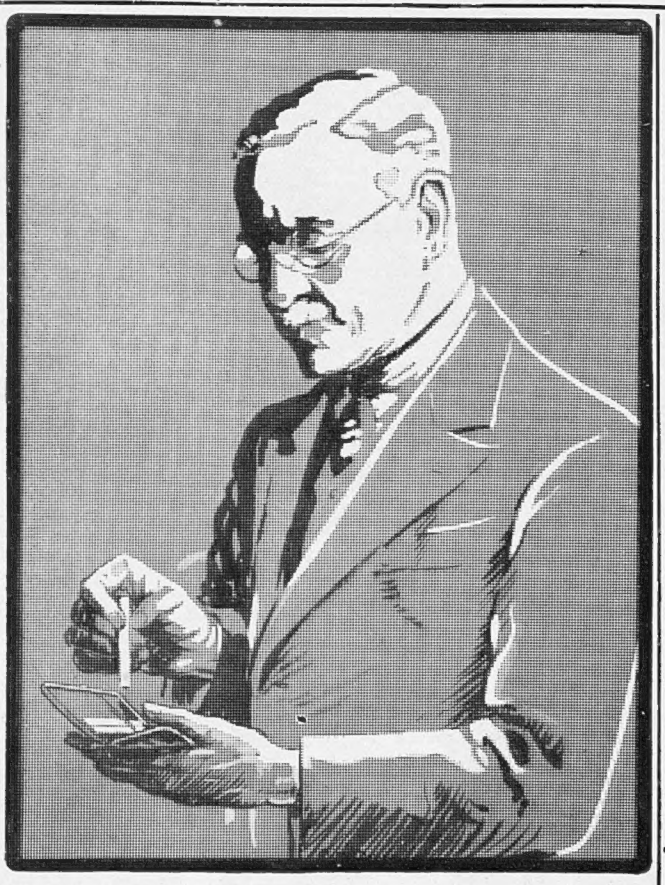

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CRICKET through the CENTURIES

(Continued from p. 68)

sports, and only to cultivate cricket:—

Hail Cricket, glorious, manly, British game,
First of all sports, be first alike in fame!

The bat of those days has been described as "similar to an old-fashioned dinner-knife," curved at the back, and sweeping in the form of a volute at the front and end. With such a bat, the system must have been all for hitting; it would be barely possible to block; and when the practice of bowling length balls was introduced, which gave the bowler so great an advantage in the game, it became absolutely necessary to change the form of the bat, in order that the striker might be able to keep pace with the improvement.

Horace Walpole, Gray, and others allude to cricket being played early in the eighteenth century at Eton, and there is a strikingly vivid description of the game in a poem in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for October, 1756, where it is described as "An Exercise at Merchant Taylors' School." It ends with a moral:

Yes, all in public and in private strive
To keep the ball of action still alive;
And just to all, when each his ground has run,
Death tips the wicket, and the game is done.

ENGINELESS FLIGHT *(Cont. from p. 62)*

Gliding and soaring, however, are going ahead literally by leaps and bounds, and the £5,000 grant will do much to stimulate interest in it among young people. For it will enable the various clubs to buy new machines and even hangars. At the present minute there is a scheme afoot to develop a site at Sutton Bank in Yorkshire. But the very real decline in the sport, which occurred last year and the year before, has reduced its active adherents to something under 3,000 people. Nevertheless, this handful is keen enough to support a monthly organ devoted solely to their activities. The latest issue lies in front of me, and I quote from the editorial notes, which are distinctly instructive:—

"News of the progress of soaring flight, both quantitatively and qualitatively, and of increasing interest therein, comes crowding in so thick and fast that it is becoming none too easy to fit it all into this journal, let alone sift it and prepare it for publication. A little over a year ago we got all worked up because a few people had taken one machine up to the Lake District and done two soars and a glide before coming home again. This year, at Whitsun, Dorset members went off to soar in the Isle of Purbeck, some London members soared in North Wales, a galaxy of northern clubs went to Sutton Bank, and the Ulster Club—well, with them any chasing round after new sites is merely part of the normal club routine. But the public at last are getting genuinely interested and amazingly intelligent about it all.

"It can be justifiably claimed that motorless flying is one of the safest sports. But we must be under no delusion as to what is meant by the phrase. To describe any pursuit as 'safe' can mean one of two things; either that, whatever you do, you can't hurt yourself, or that, although there are risks, practically all the risks are not only known, but means of avoiding them are also known. There is the world of difference between these two kinds of 'safety,' and it is in the latter category most emphatically that flying comes. In the past month we have had, not only the regrettable accident on the South Downs, but a very similar occurrence (happily not fatal) at Sutton Bank, which has been somewhat glossed over in the *Yorkshire Club News*. There also, a machine went into excessive bank and came down on its wing-tip—due, we understand, to a sudden change of direction in the rather strong wind, probably caused by eddying round a near-by promontory. What is more, two spectators were injured in addition to Mr. J. C. Dent, the pilot. Occurrences such as these can only be avoided in future if everyone makes the effort of learning all he can from the experience of others, not merely confining himself to learning from his own."

The journal devotes a considerable amount of space to the flight of the albatross, for the study of birds' flight is all-important. It is true that a glider does not expect to do more than twenty-five miles an hour compared with the fifty miles an hour of, for example, an albatross. But even when landing against the wind this is quite a high rate (something between ten and fifteen miles an hour probably) and accounts for the dozens of bent sailplanes which will be mended and replaced by the £5,000 provided by the Government.

In conclusion, it is odd to hear that a minimum speed of twelve miles an hour is required by the albatross when near the water. Otherwise, one presumes, it would go into a tail spin, and there is no kindly Sir Philip Sassoon to subsidize it in case of accident.

A CHARMING VISITOR FROM WESTERN AUSTRALIA: Miss Winsome Pamment of Fremantle, who was presented at one of the Season's Courts by Lady Cunliffe-Lister

The Shaftesbury Homes and "Arethusa" Training Ship

The Society have received from the Rochester Diocesan Board of Education a report of the Inspection of Religious Knowledge in the Training Ship *Arethusa*. The report states that there was ample evidence of real keenness and interest in this work, and it is particularly pleasing to report that the boys not only know their Bible, but have been taught an intelligent appreciation of its application to their lives. The report further states that the Examiners were most favourably impressed by the general tone and atmosphere of the classes no less than by the results of the examination which included both oral and written work. This great work of training poor boys for the Sea Services is in urgent need of funds. 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

W., London, and C., Dorset (Italy).—Bressanone is a delightful and picturesque little town, but if you particularly wish to see the Alpine flora we would advise you to select some place near Cortina d'Ampezza, which is situated at a higher altitude than Bressanone. During August you will have to go as high as 6,000 ft. in order to see any flowers. Villages in the Cortina district are Selva di Cadore, Rocca Pietore, and Misurina. If you propose to do a great deal of walking, we suggest that you get in touch with the Italian Touring Club, 16, Waterloo Place, London, S.W.1. The annual subscription to the club is only 8s. (entrance fee, 6d.), and you would derive considerable benefit from becoming a member. Maps of the Dolomite region, similar to the Austrian Wander-Karten, can be obtained from the Italian Touring Club.

G., Worc. (Italy).—The two best hotels in Gardone Riviera are the Savoy Palace and the Grand, and both quote board prices during August, of from 50 to 70 lire per day. A less expensive but very comfortable hotel is the Roma, with terms from 30 to 50 lire per day.

B., Suffolk (Cyprus).—The best time to visit Cyprus would be during the late spring, as you could then enjoy some time in the capital, Nicosia, before going to the seaside resort of Kyrenia, or the hill resorts of Troodos or Prodromos for the summer months. The climate of Cyprus during the winter is healthy and bracing, but not particularly warm, so that it cannot be considered as a winter resort. Living there is cheap on the whole, and you would get good hotel accommodation for ten or twelve shillings per day. The Cyprus Handbook can be obtained from the Crown Agents for the Colonies, 4, Millbank, London, S.W.1, price 12s. A free booklet on the island can also be obtained from the Cyprus Commissioner, 1, Queen Anne's Chambers, Dean Farrar Street, S.W.1. There is a variety of ways of going to Cyprus: overland to Marseilles, Brindisi, Trieste or Athens and thence by boat; or by P. and O. or Orient Line to Port Said and thence by Khedivial Mail steamer to Cyprus.

Hints for Travellers

ORGANIZED MOUNTAINEERING IN SWITZERLAND

An attractive innovation in Swiss travel this summer is the organization of mountain climbing in groups led by efficient guides. Weekly programmes will be fixed at the chief mountain resorts for both easy and more difficult mountain tours so that every visitor may participate according to his or her degree of skill and experience in mountaineering. Beginners will find tours planned to suit them, and expert Alpinists will no doubt appreciate the opportunity afforded them of very cheap climbing with first-class guides. Among the centres which have signified their adherence to the scheme already are Adelboden, Grindelwald, Bergün, Champéry, Davos, Eigergletscher, Engelberg, Andermatt, Gstaad, Jungfraujoch, Kandersteg, Klosters, Mürren, Splügen, Wengen, and Zinal. The Swiss National Tourist Office are to be congratulated on the introduction of this scheme, one likely to give a decided fillip to holiday travel in Switzerland this summer.

At the Service of Our Readers

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

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BELGIUM.

Brussels. — Grand Hotel. — Near Stock Exchange. All modern comfort. Reputed for good style. Free Garage.

Antwerp. — Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Blankenberghe.—Hotel Pauwels d'Hondt. Fnst.sit. Fac. sea & mst. wndfl. sands of Belgian coast 140 rms. Ex. kit. Full bd. trms. fr. Frs. 60.

Heyst-s-Mer. — Hotel de la Plage.—The leading English hotel on the sea front. 1st class. All comfs. Mod. prices. A van Isacker, Prop.

Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—Facing sea and bathing. Near Tennis. Golf. Casino. Pens. fr. 75 Frs. Tels. Palace Knocke. Tel. No. 8.

Ostend.—Grand Hotel.—Fine position on sea front, next Casino. New large airy and sunny lounge. Free Garage. Moderate Terms.

Ostend.—Savoy Hotel.—Opposite Casino. First class. Moderate Terms.

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Lyons.—Carlton Hotel.—The best reduced rates.

Monte Carlo.—Hotel Terminus Palace. Opp. Casino Gdns. Beach. 1st class Pension from Frs. 50, with bath Frs. 60, suite Frs. 75.

Royat.—Grand Hotel Majestic Palace.—Private park of 10 acres. Tennis Courts. Near Thermal Establishment.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest). — "Brenner's Stephanie" and **"Brenner's Park."** —Baccara, 18-hole Golf, Swimming Pool.

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Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large own park. Close Casino. Personal management of proprietor: H. A. Rössler.

Baden-Baden. — Hotel Zähringerhof.—130 beds. Pension from R.M. 8—or with private thermal bath from R.M. 10.

Bad Nauheim.—"Der Kaiserhof."—First-class Hotel. Lge. garden fcg. baths & Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pension from R.M. 11.

Bad Nauheim.—Carlton Kurhaus.—Strictly first class. Best English clients. Home-like in every way.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.—Situated directly opposite Bath-houses. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from R.M. 10.

Bad Nauheim.—Autors Hotel Prince of Wales.—Fam. Htl. prfd. by Englishmen. Mod. comf. Mod. prices. Ex. cuisine. A. Leuner, Prop.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Bristol.—Directly opposite the Baths. Pension arrangements from R.M. 9. Manager: P. Bittong.

Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.—The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1934.

Bad Nauheim.—Park Hotel.—First class Home Comfort combined with excellent cuisine and service.

Bad Schwalbach (Taunus). — Staatl. Kurhotel.—Every room with private toilette and balcony. Built 1931. Terms from R.M. 11.

Coblence. — Hotel Riesen-Fürstenhof. — 1st class. Terrace overlooking the Rhine. Full Pens. 9 Mks. up.—room 4 Mks. up.

Coblence.—Koblenzer Hof. — The leading hotel. Wonderful site facing Rhein. Garage. Rooms from R.M. 4.

Cologne. — Furstenhof. — Situated opposite station and Dome. Beautiful view. All comforts. Rooms from M. 3.50 up.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Wld-renwnd. Unique pos. on river. Grdn-Pk., Terraces. Grge. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Düsseldorf.-Breidenbacher Hof. Ldg. htl. Rm. fr. R.M. 5, with bath fr. R.M. 9. Amer. Bar. Orch. Gar. New Rest. "Breidenbacher Grill."

Freiburg.—Hotel Zähringer Hof.—The leading hotel of the district; thoroughly first class; 160 beds, 50 bathrooms.

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Heidelberg. — Hotel Europe. — First class. Quiet location in old park. Rooms from 5 R.M.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest & most prfct htel-bldng. Select home of internat. Socty. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

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München.—Hotel "Der Königshof," Karlsplatz 25.—1st cl., nr. theatres and museums. 150 rms, 50 bths. New underground gar. in hotel.

Rüdesheim a. Rhein.—Hotel Darmstädter Hof.—Leading house. 75 beds. Famous cuisine and wines.

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